

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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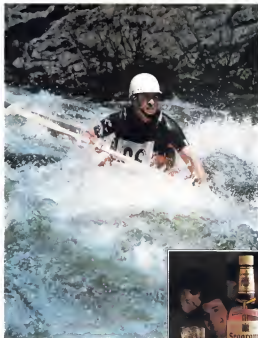
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OCTOBER 30, 1978

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OCTOBER 30, 1978

VOL. 91 NO. 25

Frontlines

Canada, most Mendelian Jews

For anyone who would like a close-up portrait of Marginal Laurence's legs or a national job ad that says "do-thing, pay-nothing" there's a man to do the job: Mendelson Joe is a wildly unsuccessful artist who needs as little agency as possible with his pants and lives on his music (but he's not on "Heavy Unemployed") as he claims—his third on-screen show opens this fall.

Press

'Good news' is bad news, unless it's cheesecake and gossip

Newspaper publishers across Canada are knocking under to the public-opinion poll putting a curious, frowny face on the news in order to keep sales healthy. With "costly" reporting on the race, will some newspapers go the way of the gutter press?

Reflection

Why the hullabaloo? These are only ideas...

Jews and Christian leaders are denouncing it and critics are knocking it, which is just what the master Ted Jovanick wanted with his TV series *The Jesus Film*—to get people up to God's grip on your emotions—it's a comedy, right?

Show Business 65

'If you haven't seen me,
you simply don't know'

Graphic Arts: Quebec's gift to the interior world, calls herself one of the world's five best female colorists. A gifted yellow during her current stint at Montreal's Place des Arts. What is most about yellow, why

Cellulose

Preview	4
The uttermost breath of Merchant Joe: a gasp for ME! Rushmore North: the clerk of Fate got better, and a merged 13: howlers to cheer up its act	
Letters	14
Preview	17
Press	49
Newsprinters are going 'soft'	

Notes

Falligien 83
The notion that Jews should not be held responsible for Ghisl's death is making waves

Montesquieu: *l'Esprit des lois*..... 21

Robert Altman's *A. Walling & P. Walling* is the latest elegiac foray into the decade. Montreal's Altan Monahan, member of Altman's fasting rep company, keeps us in it.

Mendelson Joe, communicator

Mendelson Joe does—and therefore paints—motorbikes, dragons, snaky redoubt landscapes, lizard cowboy boots, “hardcore” and “hawaii” William Blake, also a grown man, wrote poems about tigers, lumbis, and on one occasion, a nurse. This would please Mendelson Joe, who admires artists and once gave a concert dressed as one. “Nurses deserve to be noticed more,” he says.

To speak of Blake in the same breath as the wildly unsuccessful, 34-year-old belt-maker-composer-painter Mendelson Joe is not absurd, even though Joe doesn't paint. God, with a compass. “Painting is music to my ears,” says Mendelson Joe (who changed his name from Joe Mendelson because he kept getting mad addressed the other way around). “and I say it then dance.” He paints Anne Murray in a white portrait on the steps of a back called “Ours.” He does his mother painting large stream-benches on the side of his sister's barn.

He paints a close-up of novelist Margaret Laurence's legs, because “she has great legs.” The results are songs of innocence and experience—the presence of someone “34 going on 17” who began to paint, at 40, after three years



The belt-maker-composer-painter at home and (below) his blizzard obsession is good

ago, and the experience of someone who has kicked around the music business for 35 years, written about 500 songs, recorded seven albums and remixed, today, totally uncompromised and “heavily unemployed.”

The Mendelson Maturature Series, Joe's third one-man show, opens at Toronto's Gallery One on Dec. 2. The 14 portraits are of Canadian pop-culture figures—Bruce Cockburn, Patry Gallant, René Simard framed in a TV set as a vintage-inspired puppet. It's not an entirely flattering parochia.

“The middleman is the artist now,” says Joe. “The music business today is the same as the car business—they're selling a commodity. Art is just raw material.” Joe refers to most radio fare as “air-bag music—the ultimate in safety.” Not that success is interchangeable with art; personally I don't care for Gordon Lightfoot's music, but he works hard to communicate his truth and that's what matters.” Singers Diana Henderson and Allan Fraser also got good Joe reviews. But Don Hill is portrayed smiling at the wheel of an armored truck full of money.

It could all be a case of acrylic sour grapes if it weren't for Joe's security and success as an artist. “I wanted to make Don Hill look sort of... (he shrugs a muscle) ‘defiant,’” he says. That he frames his moral messages with details of nostalgic warmth, perfectly situated—overlaid—style cues in the city, figures flying through kindergarten blue skies. They look like cartoons at first, but his paintings are not “whimsical,” they are dead serious. Joe takes pleasure, the pure and simple way he paints them is a visual refutation to the kind of money-tainted “to sell,” watered down “not to offend”—that Joe condemns. It's what makes his otherwise unimpeachable criticism of the typed up, pop-culture work. “His paintings are direct and joyful!” says Art House, the Toronto gallery owner who gave Joe his first one-man show two years ago. “Joe is one of the most serious, dedi-

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ated and responsible people I know."

Joe lives in a storefront studio in deepest Toronto where he runs around the Queen Street Mental Health Centre every night to keep fit. His place is filled with cowboy boots, his Yamaha RD 400 ("a work of art"), a little apple cart with wheels ("an apple cart"), and his many bright paintings, hanging on the walls with a presence as palpable as animals looking out of the woods. Joe paints quickly—"I don't sketch, I just attack"—and his work is often compared to another "nause" artist, the late William Karelitz, who once fondly traded paintings, in fact.

The first thing Joe did when the Canada Council awarded him \$5,500 last spring to do the full series of 24 portraits was paint a picture of himself as a brain buckle, tooting money in the air. Not too much spooning gets in the way of Joe's witiness. He painted his manager's telephone with a portrait of a man-eyed robot on it with a one-eyed wire in its back. "It's a bloody-dead guy," laughs Joe. "The silicon is good enough."

So far Joe has survived mostly on his

music, playing concerts from Australia to Scotland and singing songs like The Sophties, perhaps the earliest anthem (1964) to go down the decade "De the Sophties," he sings, twining his guitar strings hard, "it's the dance of the 70s."

Joe himself would love to be considered, on his own terms, his next album, produced by Joe and his partner Ted Parry, will be called *Messiah Joe*. Nevertheless he continues to make use of his wide collection of plastic name-tags that say president, pump, producer, musician, artist, nobody, wearing "whichever one fits" to social functions. "Everything matters. I write my own press releases, I make my own frames. I work hard and take care. That was, no matter how much your work gets raped, it's still Joe." Joe then picks up his guitar, with a small extantional sense pointed in the corner of it, and plays a tune. "She says, write me a popular song but don't take too long," he sings, with one foot plugging up and down on the floor, "and I say, I want to make things that last and last... not too fast."

Muriel Jackson



Frieze or bust: a national dream

Canadian history, as all informed Canadians know by now, is confusing, unifying, adventure-packed... and nobody but Pierre Berton cares

Now comes St. Albert, Alberta businessman Alan Harrison with a plan to help spread the word about our legendary past: not a fully 100-per-cent Canadian-content concept, to be sure, but then a lot of our best notions are imported. Harrison, who says he's tired of having American history shoved down Vancouver's throat, has been inspired by South Dakota's Mount Rushmore, with its giant stone busts of four American presidents. As he sees it, British Columbia sculptor John Weaver has the talent and the wealthy provincial government has the money for what he hopes will be the most dramatic of tributes to Canadian history: a \$1-million, 1000-foot-high mural carved into the side of an Alberta mountainside.

Harrison envisages huge representational reliefs of an explorer, a voyageur, and an Indian carved into the side of the mountain, with a historical park at the base. "It would" be instance with truly entrepreneurial enthusiasm, "pay for itself."

While conceding it just might be a good idea, government officials are at a loss about how the project could be handled. The mountain, an unnamed peak of bold rock, is beside the David Thompson Highway about 30 miles outside Banff National Park. It's on provincial Crown land, so that initiative one government department it could be considered as a provincial resource; that's another. If a park is set up and if ecologists get involved, that's a third and fourth. It would be a tourist attraction, perhaps federal money would be involved—more red tape.

Now, while he's preparing his formal proposal at his own expense, he's not sure to whom it should be presented. So Harrison has decided to go right to the historical top for support—he's all the way to Berton. Don't LaRoque



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The great Paris food-fight

Who is killing The Great Chef of Europe? It means the anonymous title of Montreal director Ted Koppel's current series on epic, historic culinary wars that served up with liberal helpings of germanism and gore. If the inspiration for the plot was purely fictional—based on a novel in which the world's top cooks keep coming to sinister ends in their mansions and posy country estates—life is now churning out an ironic twist. As the film plays Canadian theatres this month, the great chefs of Europe are alive and well and thriving on a new diet which seems to consist of slaking each other in the bath.

The scene of the crime in Paris' tiny Place de la Madeleine which—sprinkled with the world's most deluxe delicacies—was—had stood as a triumphal gourmet oasis until the small hours before dawn last Dec. 19 when a bomb shattered the gastronomic throne of Puchan, leaving a fortune of fresh Christmas dinner, five

Claude Jolly, who writes in the weekly L'Express under a pseudonym, wanting to discuss the secret ingredients Bory deemed essential for marketing a range of specialties from the country's most celebrated three-star chefs. Thinking that a joint venture was being concocted, "I spent up all my expertise to him frankly," he says. Last month, still enfolded in his own half-completed repairs, Bory watched in astonishment as Jolly supervised the opening of a sleek, burgundy and mirrored gourmet boutique kitchy-corner to Puchan, featuring the preserved and fast-frozen dishes of cuisine nouvelle king, chef Michel Guérard. "If they had done it in normal time, fine," he spatters. "But to profit from this bomb—to take advantage of this bad luck of ours and open right on our doorstep—that's what I call a kitchen knife in the back of Puchan."

Not one to take the fingering of the



Guérard displaying his wares and (below) Puchan's after the bomb. Too many cooks.



great and fine spirit up in flames "It was a catastrophe," says Puchan's witty proprietor, Edmond Bory, who still cannot estimate the full extent of his losses. By Nov. 16, when he threw open the final phase of repairs with a champagne celebration, the cost of refurbishment will have topped \$5 million, but it is not the cost alone which has left a bitter taste in his mouth.

As well-known, some still sitting through the rubble, Bory received a number of visits from French food critic

gastrologue gourmet lightly, Bory has struck back, thickening the plot. Within days of Guérard's inauguration, he landed his shop weapons with a lavish range of delicacies from the kitchens of Guérard's closest friends and confidants of nouvelle cuisine, most notable among them Paul Bocuse, the "lion of Lyons," whose portrait dominates the display like an albatross. Once the insider of the merry rebel band of screaming restaurateurs who have revolutionized French cooking over the past decade (Wes-

tern's Sept. 18, 1977), Bocuse has lately failed to emerge at Guérard's success in public and seems to have tried like an angry cat to keep his own line of gourmet goods to console with Guérard's launching to a move that could hardly be called accidental. Guérard has privately expressed hurt at Bocuse's apparent silence, but has chosen to keep a stiff upper lip about the latest escalation in the culinary war, as Puchan ships its daily supplies of new fishes from his emporium of the sea. (French cuisine from the Thompson brothers in Boston, parties partly from Roger Verge of the Shedd in Chicago near Cannes and smoked salmon with an omelette from his former master Jean Delavoye of the Canada Restaurant at Saguenay on the outskirts of Paris.)

Bory claims (without French chefs are in the process of denying platters for him and reduces the night of crowds digging the traffic on the Place de la Madeleine as they lose up fire deep to smoke their lips outside his windows. "Competition," he sniffs now, somewhat more calmly. "I don't regard Michel Guérard as competition. The more quality shops there are on the Place de la Madeleine, the better it is for business." Indeed, in the culinary crusade, the one sure victory is indisputable: the French gourmet. **Marcel McDanald**



The primrose path to health, wealth

Claims being made in some quarters for the potential healing powers of a lowly yellow wildflower, the evening primrose, are enough to make a snake-oil salesman blush. Not only does it help you get rid of pimples and pounds, and possibly counteract impotence along the way, but—it is now marketed—as just might revolutionize treatment for two crippling diseases: schizophrenia and multiple sclerosis.

It is no great surprise, then, that the main proponent of evening primrose research in Canada, Dr. David Horrobin, lists a headline for when the medical establishment is a newswriter. Did the 30-year-old Horrobin, a hormone specialist at Montreal's Clinical Research Institute, believe Emily Paul Grant's medical breakthroughs come from the vast usability, alas, and he has a growing pile of evidence to back his particular theories.

Primary investigations with school children have been carried out in England where oil from the wildflower seeds was administered to 10 psychiatric hospital cases, with—according to Horrobin—

astounding results. But Horrobin is currently turning his attention to us, one of the most hopeful of all genetic disorders.

About 8,000 Canadians take the oil regularly in Europe and there is hard evidence that it helps at least 15 per cent at them (another 15 per cent may be marginally improved). A pilot study involving 25 people in Montreal has been encouraging, and Horrobin this week is moving into a second stage using 100 patients in a two-year trial. "Given the crippling nature of so and the helplessness of doctors, patients tend to grab any quick remedy that comes along," Horrobin acknowledges. "But it is equally important that active patients don't prevent them from entering about hopeful developments."

The oil's active agent is vitamin F, a collective name for essential fatty acids also found copiously in such unobtrusive oils as sunflower and safflower. But unlike those oils, primrose contains not just one, vitamin F complex, linoleic acid (LA), but a second as well, gamma linolenic acid (GLA). Both are necessary in carrying out vitamin F's major and perhaps only long-term effect: the body's production of prostaglandins (prostaglandin, "inflammation") that play an essential role in regulating all living organs—and some people's chemistry appears to be unable to produce the necessary oils from other vitamin F sources.

Although evening primrose seeds and sunflower seeds, commonly it is a short supply Horrobin and some of his colleagues are now growing their own and by January they hope to have two million capsules on the market. "Somebody is going to make money out of primrose and I might as well be it," he says. "I intend to plough virtually everything back into research but I believe that the worldwide demand and only concepts such as penicillin have produced the major medical advances over the last 100 years."

Walter Weller

A wild evening primrose with seed pods and (above) Horrobin. Flower power.



The worst little town in the west



Things are looking up for Rock Springs, Wyoming—perhaps the most corrupt town in the United States. The people in this Wild West town, a hamlet for prostitutes, drug dealers and a frightening political machine, are finally taking a stand against 30 years of illegal activity.

Rock Springs is the kind of place where the city's highest police official is accused of murdering one of his own officers, the mayor was once charged with embezzling \$12,000 from a drugstore, and hookers roam the streets, in the words of one resident, "like cheap." Rev. Clyde Kemp was fired for "doing too much good." "The City" newspaper slanders are popular on the back of the pickup trucks that cruise up and down the town's dusty streets.

The highway to Rock Springs is a barren, treacherous corridor lined with small houses, the town itself consists of fast-food joints and motels that dish up country music and disco to the workers who arrive every weekend from their jobs in the "booming" local industries—coal, oil and a mineral called trona. "They seemed so cheery, called The Cowboy and The Nomad. 'It's a hard drinkin', hard fightin', hard leavin' town,'" said one bumpy citizen. "My knuckles been broke so many times this don't look much like a hard anymore," said one habitué of the Silver Dollar bar.

It was at the Silver Dollar that narcotics agent Michael Ross was murdered this summer. Ross, due to testify to the grand jury on misappropriation of funds within the police department, was shot in the back seat of a police car, and the man charged with the murder is Edward Getreid, director of public safety.

The jig may be up, however. The

Rock Springs hookers solicit (above) and Mayor Paul Wabake, anecdotal.

grand jury has been meeting this month and it is believed that several of the area's high officials—from Mayor Paul Wabake to state Senator Bob Jahnke—may be indicted on corruption charges.



But—more to the point—the people of Rock Springs have voted to oust the members of city and county government who, according to local radio station owner Bill Lammert, "have created an aura of fear which permeates the entire community."

Ten thousand of the town's 12,000 registered voters turned out for September's primary election, to make sure that people like Ford Bassant would take over "I'm no Henrich," said Bas-

ant, "but at least I stood out as a symbol of change. The people here are tired of a delinquency in government that dates back more than 30 years."

In the last 30 years, the population of the area has tripled to 30,000, money has been thrown around like ticker tape, and all hell has broken loose. But now, says Bill Lammert, "We need—and we'll get—newcomers to see that Rock Springs and Wyoming don't get raped to death."

Catherine Fox

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A dustup of dollars

In his article on the National Film Board, *Theatre of the Absurd* (Sept. 18), Roy MacGregor states that our future film, *Joe Alex*, "perhaps dead only in Canada" after receiving rave reviews from Cannes and from the U.S. The facts are that *Joe Alex* was made as a television film, has been purchased by the CBC and will eventually be shown on the national network. He also states that the SFE spent \$100,000 to promote *Why Boil the Goat?* and \$300,000 for our Olympic film. We spent less than \$20,000 on the former film, and the \$300,000 for the latter was provided by COBO.

BIRLAND LANGEVEEN, 2880701,
PUBLIC RELATIONS,
NATIONAL FILM BOARD, MONTREAL

Roy MacGregor's article leaves the impression that I have been wronged by the non in the making of my film, *Cry of the Wild*. The circumstances under which I made the film are extremely complex. Every time something appears on the subject, the NW news of something bad, and I appear to have been ripped off. While I did have difficulty obtaining the board in the idea originally, the head of production did stand behind me all the way once the decision was made to go ahead. The article suggests that I received payment only for my editing time. This is not true. The SFE paid me for the time I received in the editing, as well as a salary while I was completing the sound. After the success of the film they also gave me a bonus. It's true I received no royalties,

but I did not oversteer any. Much of MacGregor's article is sincerely and embarrassingly true, but I am aware of many more extremely talented, dedicated filmmakers at the board than the article given credit for. The NW deserves festivals around the world, and considering it is a government institution, I am more surprised by what it's doing right than by what it is doing wrong.

BILL WABON, 6431 CHESTER, QUEBEC

Beware of failing rock

After reading your interview with Linda Ronstadt, Rick's Quiver at 22 (Oct. 5), my opinion of her has gone



Ronstadt, beneath the surface, surface

down. I was quite happy to see her on various TV specials, and I was enjoying her music. But now that I've seen her boring, negative, and shallow she is, I'm quite disappointed. She says she has no longer goals, no strong political beliefs, and she sees few positive aspects to life at the top of the rock business. C'mon, Linda, there's more to you than that, isn't there?

TIM KELLE, FORT HOPE, ONT.

Turning brass into gold

Julith Tannen's article on Patry Galant, *Thursday Night Fever* (Sept. 18), hit the nail on the head. From the first time I saw her she disgusted me—and I'm no prude. I feel that Canadian TV hit a new low when they gave her a show. During the *Juno Awards* she made me feel as if I wanted to crawl into a hole with embarrassment. To compare her with Julie Andrews is like contrasting brass with gold. Please take her away. JIM JACOBSON, HAWESVILLE, N.S.

Gruelifying a class

I feel Allan Fotheringham really makes sense in his column, *Pro Proof that Power Tends to Corrupt Look No Further Than Pierre Trudeau* (Sept. 18). He has figured out how the Liberal bastards stay in power. Now Joe Clark is about to sweep the country with one gimmick making coverage relevant (and deductible). It was the middle class that built this country and it is they who have been crushed by the Liberals. JEAN-FRANÇOIS LA POINTE, LUSHER, N.B.

For values received

I feel Peter Newman's editorial, *Our Cops Should Stop Moving into the Graying Gap Between Law and Justice* (Oct. 5), illustrates magnificently the sad state to which Canadian journalism has sunk. To catalogue Michael Power's flippant and unobjective review of police and their troubles, *Law and Order* on the March (Oct. 5), as "an important and timely piece of investigative journalism," shows incredible shallowness and unbelievably low standards on the part of Canada's national news magazine. To suggest that the recommendations in *Law and Order* are "unrealistic" and the Canadian Bar Association prove that "our laws no longer reflect prevailing customs or social values," denies Newman of any claim to knowing or understanding the customs and values of the majority of Cana-

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drama Newman is a flagrant example of the present breed of Canadian media people: the tabloidistas liberals.

JON SNIPPER, OTTAWA

Yet the picture?

I feel I must protest the publication of the picture accompanying your piece on the *Itzigs, Saks! Summer Night Be Watching!* (Preview, Sept. 4). There are



many good things about *Maclean's*, but I feel you should choose pictures with more restraint.

PAUL INBACH, THREE HILLS, ALTA.

A Child's Garden of Curses

In his column on the CBC, there's Norman Wong with the CBC. (Sept. 28), William Casselman reminds me of a marriage partner who, immediately following the breakup of the marriage, announced that the reason for the breakup was the dreadful incoquacy and wrangling of the other partner. Casselman's marriage to the CBC has gone sour, and his article reeks of the post-up frustration of a child who, unable to get what he wants, finds a way to re-venge himself.

D. W. FORBES, WHITE HORSE, ONT.

Tight Little Island

Robert Flaherty's gap in *The Green in Green*... (Sept. 28), that Newfoundlanders regard hotelkeepers as their real arch-foes, is cheap and flippant. It is true that there is a traditional solidarity in Newfoundland against those who would misrepresent us and put us down. How else could we have survived on this old rock for 400 years? But we do know that we have many friends and well-wishers across Canada, and not only among native-born Newfoundlanders. We are grateful for them.

A. N. SCARBELL, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.



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No room at the top

In your article on John Sewell, *Bathurst News* (Sept. 26), you state: "Skip Sewell endorsed a recent editorial in *The Toronto Star*, which has been trying to stop him ever since it was *The Toronto Telegram*." In the three municipal elections since the *Star* has been in existence, we have always supported Sewell as alderman in Ward 7. In 1972, 1974, and 1978 we urged voters to give him

the top spot as ward alderman. While we didn't like his politics very much, we felt he served his ward well, worked hard and deserved election. It is only as mayor of Toronto that we think he should be beaten. If he runs again as alderman, we'd gladly support him.

PETER WORTHINGTON, EDITOR IN CHIEF,
THE TORONTO STAR, TORONTO

Candidate Sewell should be beaten?



Faith versus fifth

Your inadequate, unfair coverage of the serious issues involved in the newspaper question, *Did News for Good* (Oct. 25), has no place as a news report. I felt your writer deliberately caricatured and misrepresented those who object to the irresponsible dissemination of fifth. To label such people as book-burners is to substitute name-calling for debate.

LOUISE TARR, EDITOR, FAITH TODAY
CANADIAN CHRISTIAN
NEWSPAPER MAGAZINE, TORONTO

I find your examination of book selection policies in public schools to be both fascinating and amusing. It reminds me of something my history teacher said to me after reading my examination paper: "You write interesting history, Campbell. The trouble is, it didn't happen that way." There are several times as many members of Renaissance Canada than the 1,000 you article reported. Furthermore, it is not a question of whether there is censorship in the schools. It is more important to know whose moral, cultural and aesthetic views determine book-selection policy. Obviously the books which communicate the values of our Judeo-Christian heritage are being banned, while the books which reflect a philosophy which such values are being promoted. Renaissance is committed to the view that parents alone have the responsibility to decide which values should be transmitted to their children. Many parents don't need to read anything more than excerpts in books which graphically portray destructive views of sexual activity (which writers inject into their books to make them more exciting), to know they don't want to encourage children to read them. Margaret Laurence's controversial depiction of sex has no

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ROD COHEN · SIDNEY LUMET

Produced by: [unreadable] Directed by: [unreadable]

Music by: [unreadable] Lyrics by: [unreadable]

Costume Designer: [unreadable]

Executive Producer: [unreadable]

Production Office: [unreadable]

Post-Production: [unreadable]

Visual Effects: [unreadable]

Special Effects: [unreadable]

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Production Office: [unreadable]

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Opening soon at theatres everywhere

Varsity Theatre, Toronto, October 27th

place in the public-school classrooms of the nation?

KEN CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT,
RENAISSANCE INTERNATIONAL,
WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Your report on the current censorship battles disturbs me greatly. If the followers of movements like Renaissance Canada so misinterpret the strength of their own convictions that they fear these beliefs may be shaken in their own children, then their convictions have little truth, and their misinformed children are lost to their beliefs already.

JOHN F. LOCKYER,
SENIOR ENGLISH MASTER,
PICKERING COLLEGE, NEW MARKET, ONT.

Asleep in the deep

I thank Barbara Aniel for a special gift, her aggressive and humane profile of Leonard Cohen, *Leonard Cohen: Sleep That Is All the Gods* (Sept. 18). Aniel, unlike most journalists and critics faced with the task of confronting Cohen, dared to go deeper than myth.

LINDA FINE, TORONTO



Poet Coates: a humane contribution

A good beginning, but...

The only misdeed I find in Heather Hunter's *Endrean: Delays and Delays* (Sept. 4), was her first sentence which states "So, the public's lost interest in national unity."

ERIC HOWARD, KINCARDINE, ONT.

The not-so-rare breed

Let's not encourage our national technological inferiority complex with statements such as, "It is a rare occa-

sion indeed when this country leads the world in any form of technological advancement" (Context, Sept. 26). It's just not true. Canada's problem is that initial discoveries, which can often be made with very small budgets, cannot be brought to the marketplace without sufficient money to begin production and promotion. Unless we reverse the present trend, we will shortly be a non-industrialized nation, relying solely on the export of our non-renewable resources to give us the manufactured products we need. We can reverse this trend. But time is running short.

RONALD HOLLAND, TORONTO

Fashionable anxiety

I read with intense interest your article, *Canada in its Fashion* (Sept. 4). I feel Barbara Aniel has examined the major problems existing in the fashion industry and the anxieties most Canadian fashion designers have while trying to achieve success. The article will help to eliminate some of the ignorance that exists between most Canadians and people like myself who have a career in the fashion profession.

RAYMOND B. BILLS, STONEWALL, MAN.

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Good mornings from CKFH/1430.



Howard Cooney
Sam & Nam News

"The John Gilbert Show"
Burr Ham daily

If a
Scotsman
swallows
his pride...



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Ground control to Oscar IV...



Oscar I was merely mechanical. Oscar II came with a computer, and the most recent Oscars have computerized brakes and hydraulic systems that make them launch automatically. Oscar IV is a high-impact locomotive simulator, one of only five such "training tractors" in North America. Three of them are housed in a renovated RCMP base in Oshawa, Manitoba. Since the centre opened in June, 1978, more than 1,000 would-be train drivers (and 1,300 as a refresher course) have treated it out at the controls of the various Oscars, including the latest, million-dollar version, Oscar IV.

They get a realistic trip. The cab reverberates with recorded whistle shrieks, and a huge, curved screen covering a 60-degree angle of vision hurls the student along pre-programmed, scenic Canadian National routes. An instructor sitting behind the "driver" can electronically soothe him into the system—some caution signs here, a little transmission failure there—and then he watches him the student cope (or crumble) as Oscar IV sees prescient longitudinal cab movement to give the student that "momentary" feel that comes when a train brakes. One final trick (which saved for distinguished guests giving Oscar IV a whirl) is to view a caboose on the track up ahead, with the space between shrinking fast.

Flirting train drivers usually come

A novice train driver in a simulated cab—near that locomotive. Back white line

from the ranks of trainees or enthusiasts with at least two years experience, in the old days of the steam engine, fireman who learned on the job usually succeeded the retiring engineer. But along came diesel, and the fireman's role was eliminated. For eight or nine years—these things take time—CN made do with its shrinking pool of drivers. Then they got to work on the GM centre, putting \$2 million into a home away from home where the nerve-wrecked apprentice driver can repeat after class in a sound, a sign, a braking delay or a bar.

During the night-week centers, students alternate between classroom training and practical work on the simulators, ending the course with two days work on Winnipeg as a real locomotive. They don't graduate directly to the controls of a passenger train, however, after Gink, they spend four months to a year with qualified engineers beside them.

Gink is an Icelandic word for "paradox," which, locomotively speaking, is true. Railway potentials from Japan, Zurich, New Zealand, China and Brazil have all come to the small town (pop. 1,650) to view the Oscars (but not by rail). Gink has no train station.

Peter Carls-Guedes



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A saddle-sore dream come true

30 years ago, when Kady Joost was a 16-year-old student in Marin County, California, she had a dream in which she rode a unicorn along a trail with an old pack mule in tow. Last spring she translated the dream into more pragmatic terms—a pair of horses and a six-month ride up the mountainous Pacific Crest trail to raise money for the Greenpeace Foundation—and her journey began in Mexico.



Lowercase Kady Joost after six months on the trail, and some help for day travel.

on April 28. Things went wrong right away.

A snow avalanche near Telesquito peak in southern California badly injured her back and one of her horses. After struggling down a cliff to reach the barn, she had to shoot it. With a new horse and two compressed discs she put back in the saddle, but accidents of nature were not the only obstacles.

"Men were very interested in what I was doing," reported Joost. "They had fantasies of Anne Quiley riding into town." Two loggers in a jeep gave chase one day, until Joost falling at least part of their fantasies by shooting out their front discs. Finally, when a doctor in Eugene, Oregon, warned her that more riding might leave her crippled, she outfitted one horse with a cart and took a back seat for the rest of the ride.

But when the family made it to Vancouver this month, there were no victory speeches about taking on the elements and winning. Joost, who now wants to take some handicapped children along the Oregon Trail in a wagon train, merely announced this: "Mother Nature was my strongest ally in times of depression." Mark Badger



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Nixon to Jesus: Colson's odyssey

When Charles Colson went to the White House in 1969 as Richard Nixon's special counsel, he was the president's brightest hope. Colson quickly became known as Nixon's "hatchet man" (now called his "Chuck the Knife"), engineer of countless "dirty tricks" and mastermind of Nixon's 1972 election victory.

Today, Colson is the bright hope of the "born-again" Christian movement. He reveals that he went to work for a new boss, Jesus Christ, somewhere be-



The new Colson (below left) Jones as Chuck Colson in *Nixon* (Harry Spinosa) in film. "The Knife" gets religion

twice discovery of the Watergate scandal and a trip to federal prison for obstructive of justice in the Daniel Ellsberg-Pentagon Papers case.

Colson was the first of Nixon's inner circle to go public with his conversion. His book, *Born Again*, has sold two million copies in 11 languages. That success convinced him to adapt his story into a screenplay, find a born-again Hollywood producer, Robert L. Mager (*The Omega*), and a born-again lead actor, Dean Cain of Walt Disney fame, and make a movie of the story of his conversion. The film, entitled *Born Again* (what else?), opened this month in 10 Canadian cities.

"God has called me to the pines," Colson announced to a news conference looking off a gain premiere evening for his movie in Toronto this month. He says he'll use his earnings from the film to finance his Prison Fellowship program, a Christian counselling and re-

slavery program for inmates that he decided to start during his own seven months behind bars. Colson hopes the film's showing in Canada will open the doors to his group in Canadian prisons. There are currently Prison Fellowship groups in more than 500 U.S. prisons and Colson flies to Britain next month to launch a similar program there.

The film is a heavy-handed statement of Colson's own ignorance, a sort of Father Knows Best-God-Created-Us-the-White-House-Winger. It cost \$3 million to produce and another \$3 million to distribute—not exactly church basement material. But Colson says he wanted to hit the mass markets with the story of his conversion, not "preach to the choir."

Stumbling up for Jesus hasn't been easy and Colson notes that he's "taken a beating" in the "secular press"—as he prefers to call those who don't buy his born-again performance. But he stands before his critics a hunched man, wearing a suit "given to me by a Christian in Minneapolis" and attending his movie's premiere in "a tuxedo of about a 20-year vintage." He refuses to answer questions about his income. He rushed away from a Toronto reception explaining it as a sympathetic crowd that his private plane and pilot were waiting and leaving them with "commemorative" copies of his book, bound in imitation leather.

Colson's busy schedule serving a new master has still left time to keep in touch with his old one—Richard Nixon



"I maintain a friendship with him," he says. "He's read my book and we've had some long talks about what I'm doing. Beyond that, it's up to him to say what's happening inside of him." So far, Nixon isn't talking. And for many of Colson's critics, the silence of the unrepentant sinner may be more to him than the palpitations of a repentant one.

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Preview

Ah, ah, ah, ah, stayin' alive

The disco dances—staged to find the world champion disco dancers—have begun their countdown, but anyone with less than an advanced case of Strep

sayd Night Fever need not apply. Already, two competing companies have begun to search for the universe's top hip-swivellers. Ragini, whose chic discos dot the globe (there's one in Montreal), has held a preliminary contest in her New York palace, the first step in finding America's entry for the world finals. The finals, which will be held at her Paris night-spot in June, 1979, are slated to coincide with her 55th anniversary as "Queen of the Night." However, BMI Dancing Unlimited of London, England, is also asking for national disco champs to enter forward (Canada's included) and compete in their World Disco Dancing Championships scheduled for Dec. 18 in The Empire Ballroom in Leicester Square. So, grab your partner...

Going once . . .

When the Montreal auctioneer asks, "What do I hear for this?" the chances are he'll get a response from Toronto. Through the magic of Ma Bell, Phillips Division, the world's third largest auction house will hold its first intercity auction between Montreal and Toronto Nov. 2-3, allowing for simultaneous telephone bidding on a rare collection of Canadian and European paintings. This is only the begin-

ning. Future sales will be run by closed-circuit television between Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto.

The host with the Maoist



It doesn't suit his politics, so will it his postures?

Will Bill Bennett, British Columbia's right-wing premier and leader of the Social Credit party, roll out the red carpet for the 500 Socialist International delegates when they descend on Vancouver (Nov. 3, 4 and 5) for their first North American meeting? Or will he keep his political as well as ideological distance from the godless leftists? That's the question. Although publicity for the conference has been low-key, it will be difficult for Bennett to ignore the fires of West Germany's Willy Brandt, who'll chair the First International North American congress—Karl Marx presided over it.

the meeting. Good thing Brandt didn't have to host the First International North American congress—Karl Marx presided over it.

Day of judgment

Although an estimated 200,000 Nazi war criminals are still at large, the last of the Nuremberg-style judgments may be at hand. Presently, 14 German prisoners are awaiting trial in Düsseldorf for parts they played in the World War II holocaust. One of them is Hermann Braunsteiner Ryan, who fled to Canada and the United States after the war before being brought back to German justice. Presently, there is a debate as to whether a statute of limitations should be enacted preventing new prosecutions past Dec. 31, 1979.

News

Cover Story

21

Clark—that's who

The Progressive Conservatives' stunning loss in last week's by-elections left few doubts in Tory circles that Joe Clark has at last asserted his leadership over his own party. The Liberal also made it clear that Prime Minister Joe Clark is more than a mere possibility. In a special report by Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis, backed by correspondents and staff writers across the country, the once and future Joe is scrutinized, examined—and criticized. The cover package includes a generous cut of Clark's personal photograph for Canada in examination of his dilemma in choosing a shadow finance minister and an in-depth account of the battle in Toronto's Parliament between Tony David Crombie and John Evans.



Canadian News	18
World News	30
People	35
Business	42
Sports	45
Energy	47

Correction

In its Oct. 15 issue *Maclean's* published a Vancouver story about psychiatric hospitals with a photograph of a musician known as Armand Muscarello. While it is true that the Armands do have hallucinogenic properties, it should have been pointed out that the Armand story that the particular musician is possessed. Although it rarely causes death, it can rapidly develop severe emotional disturbances, convulsions and delirium in anyone using it.

23,000 rebels with a dubious cause

By Ian Ungahar

It was a wet, cold Wednesday night in Ottawa, but a crowd was gathering outside the city's main Post Office plant on the banks of the Rideau River. A few hours before, Parliament had passed a bill ordering the employees at the plant and others like it across the country back to work at midnight after a two-day strike. As midnight approached, the employees were assembling. But, at the urging of their leaders in the 23,000-member Canadian Union of Postal Workers, they were not going back inside. Instead, they were beating up the picket line to ensure the plant stayed shut and the strike kept going.

At the stroke of midnight, a voice streamed called for a cheer, and 100-odd picketing employees responded. "We won't go back." Minutes later, two of their colleagues did go back—and about of "back" and "back." No one followed. Two men driving trucks tried to enter the plant as well, but the pickets blocked the way. The rear window of one truck was smashed. ("It fell out," explained a striking postal worker.) It was an early, and easy, victory for the postal workers. But there was far more written beneath their defiant expressions that night as they began to tackle not only the Post Office but also Parliament and the law of the land.

On Parliament Hill the next morning, the cabinet met, and there was concern on the faces of the ministers too, as they took their places at the oval-shaped table. Their nightmarish had become real. A strike had erupted in an act to the parliament—by a vote of 168 to 10—but the employees were refusing to go back to work. It was as the first time in 1975, Parliament legislated an end to a 25-day strike by Quebec loggers, but they stayed away from the docks another 10 days. The loggers were on a different matter, however, because they largely accepted by the public despite their crucial role in the economy. Here, the ministers asked themselves, should the government respond to open defiance of the law by such a high-profile group as the postal workers?

Despite Conservative cries for action,

the cabinet decided to do nothing at once, in the hope that the postal workers, after cooling off, would obey the law. That happened in the smaller cities. But the big mail-handling centers

Perth (right) and senior cabinet member in Toronto, beneath the defiance, fear



ties like Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, and Ottawa were still virtually shut down 48 hours after Parliament had ordered them reopened.

Still, the cabinet hesitated to use the full force of the law, which provides for stiff fines for union leaders and members caught violating provisions. The government had no wish to create martyrs. Instead, it began to seek negotiations against picketing. It was felt that once the intimidating presence of the picket line was removed, the majority of the postal workers would go back.

The union responded by challenging the back-to-work bill in the courts, and hoped bitterly that it would defy anti-picketing injunctions. By week's end, the situation was still unclear, but hopes for an early end were fading.

The key to ending the strike is the 23,000-rebel Toronto. There is local, the union's



largest. If Toronto goes back to work, most other striking workers, with the exception of the volunteer Montreal local, are expected to follow. Then the Post Office could isolate Montreal and move mail around it. But it can't operate effectively without Toronto.

Unlike the Montreal local, which is owned in its interest of Post Office management, Toronto is bitterly divided between militant and moderate union members. There is still resentment left

Average basic wages for outside postal workers			
	Hourly	Annual	
Perth	\$7.75	\$14,043	
Ottawa	7.50	13,912	
Montreal	8.25	17,218	
Including overtime and shift premiums in 1982			
Perth	\$11.40	\$21,440	
Ottawa	\$10.85	\$20,625	
Montreal	\$12.50	\$23,750	

self-righteous stands on various issues, and it is doubtful support from other unions would lead to anything like a general strike, which they might need to defeat the government. Indeed, by week's end, the letter carriers, who have their own union, were passing through the postal workers' picket lines to work.

But even if they do go back to work soon, the public has not seen the end of problems at the Post Office. Having been legislated back to work, postal workers might respond by deliberately slowing down mail processing. Labor-management relations, already horrendously bad, could worsen.

Some Post Office officials hoped that, on the contrary, this strike could improve relations by discrediting the

Union (left) and cops carting Jean-Paul Desrosiers from outside Ottawa's main post office, site of "back" and "back"



over from the 1975 postal strike, when some 800 employees in Toronto broke ranks with their union and went back to work early. They were later lured by the local. Now the ranks of the moderates have been worked considerably and, although official results were not released, it is said that less than 60 percent of the local voted to strike this time, compared to a national average of 75 percent.

Another key factor in the continuation of the strike could be the support the postal workers receive from other unions. Last week, they were backed by an array of telegrams from labor leaders denouncing Parliament's action, and their picket lines were swelled by thousands of other strikers. The postal workers are, however, almost as unpopular inside the labor movement as outside because of their conspicuous,

the postal workers had demonstrated support and it is not hard to understand why. For the very reason Parliament legislated away their right to strike, engineers and dock officers on ships serving the Great Lakes near the St. Lawrence seaway, a group that is politically more crucial to the economy than the postal workers, were striking with impunity. And the month before, the latter carried the postal workers' water union down their mailboxes without providing parliamentary interference. Acknowledging the fact the strike carried didn't cheer their cause, and the union's support by postal workers' solidarity, as well as the question remained why the postal workers were singled out.

The government's answer was that the postal workers and Post Office management were to be kept in a new respect (see a new contract with 304 clauses set in dispute by the union's claim that it might take weeks or even months to settle. And the government added the country could not tolerate a long halt to postal services while the two sides negotiated. But this could mean the postal workers in 1975. The last reason for the government's swift response, that law at the time is so complex that it was up with changes in postal service that it has not been able to pressure on the government and Parliament to act.

The government was also fearful that failure to act would lead to increased pressure for withdrawal of the right to strike in any essential services, not just the Post Office. But the government's response by the right to strike in 1972 was opposed by the major unions and it did not work the principle back branch into a walk party, in hiring the best in their unions into an industrial police. Says one cabinet member: "We did not want the whole system to be pulled by the nose of the postal workers."

Why the crack-down came so fast

The postal workers had demonstrated support and it is not hard to understand why. For the very reason Parliament legislated away their right to strike, engineers and dock officers on ships serving the Great Lakes near the St. Lawrence seaway, a group that is politically more crucial to the economy than the postal workers, were striking with impunity. And the month before, the latter carried the postal workers' water union down their mailboxes without providing parliamentary interference. Acknowledging the fact the strike carried didn't cheer their cause, and the union's support by postal workers' solidarity, as well as the question remained why the postal workers were singled out.

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Ian Ungahar

the moral authority as was a troubled nation. If he fails, on the black evidence suggests he might. Trudeau could decide to retire and take a top leadership position in the winter. That does someone who talk to Trudeau daily point to his position for debating the Quebec referendum, expected next year, and are convinced he will say so—and fight hard.

Conservative strategists are not writing Trudeau off, perhaps because they live in dread, at one point, "that one might walk the sleeping giant"—say Strick's irrepressible John Warner. "Trudeau don't go down easily," observes Clark staff chief Bill Morley, a longtime Liberal aide, "and Trudeau won't go down easily. Sure, he's

their problem, but he's also their asset." The same point was made, at least indirectly, in a Conservative strategy paper prepared for the elections. "We must make it implicitly clear that because these by-elections must result in a change of government, they are not the final or ultimate test of Joe Clark's or Pierre Trudeau's leadership. While Clark will be involved in the by-elections, his leadership is not reflected in the results. His involvement in the by-elections would therefore be that of a prime minister-in-waiting while the local candidates campaign."

But what kind of prime minister? In-

creasingly, as Trudeau's pond increases, Canadians will want to hear more from Clark about his policies and his goals. Is the sense that it is important nationally, they will want to examine his agenda and his skills. There is a sense infusing Ottawa that an epic transfer of power is under way it begins after he's around the photocopy machine in the prime minister's office where minutes are secretly run off. But the question remains, a transfer to whom—and with what consequences?

For Clark it has been a long, lonely search from the leadership convention in February 1976, when he had the support of only 200 of the 400, and a margin of only 58 votes at the end. Canadians, he said then, "don't want to know what we're against, they want to know what we are for." The by-elections served Clark as a forum for delivering on that promise—and for addressing the disturbing findings in his private polls that people thought he was "young" in status. What has emerged, apart from specific plans on the economy, is an *à propos* removal from a sharp contrast to Pierre Trudeau.

Basically, the burden of Joe Clark's message is that the steady drip of attacks on the government and mystery on the Robert are over. He has borrowed a page from Jimmy Carter's playbook—along with some subtle baiting—and mounted a tightly rolled anti-OTW campaign. He wants to level the door of the program and the private sector and favors voluntarism over interventionism. He wants to eliminate Pierre Trudeau's elaborate machinery of consensus planning and to open up the process.

In an unsettling way, Clark is moving expectations down from the mainstream, almost as if by diminishing and de-mythologizing his office, he can take it to himself.

"It's not the greatest," Clark once told Morley, "and his exposure to high office has been a reflection. Methodically, Clark has built up trust in his mission by sharing his burden. At a by-election night party with his staff that "I don't want to be elected again." Accordingly, while Trudeau worked the returns alone at 24 Sussex Drive, Clark was surrounded by MPs, staffers and reporters who listened his office with cassette tapes and empty glasses. Such was the dirt that Clark placed calls to his cabinet. From an aide's office—the same room Clark had used when he had been a speech writer for Robert Stanfield's decade ago.

In the same manner, Clark has been out there in the people. Since his election as leader, Clark has been a steady presence, 300,000 ym km, hitting the talk shows, doing hand-out to street corners and, most important of all, cultivating a network of cronies from his days as a student PT president. From it, this manner has come a self-developing notion of what the country is about (see interview) and increased



CLARK'S NEW OFFICE



Clark passive (above) and stamping in Vancouver more polite as the public stage

police on the public stage

Monday in Ottawa, Clark has assigned retiring Rogers and Joe Ballour the task of preparing a blueprint for taking over the prime minister's office. Ballour is working closely with Clark's longtime personal friend from university days, David Jenkins, a vice-president in Edmonton with No West Development. They have established groups across the country to scout talent for a Clark government.

"It's not to establish a blueprint for a wholesale element of the public service," warns Ballour in an attempt to placate the mainstream with which Clark would

the public service. The current incumbent, Michael Pitfield, rarely would not serve a Clark administration because of close ties to Pierre Trudeau. Already Pitfield is an openly searching possible replacement. The in-house favorite appears to be Marcel Masse, currently deputy secretary to the cabinet for federal-provincial relations, and past chairman of the cabinet secretariat under Richard Blaisfield in New Brunswick. Other names from outside Ottawa on the short list: Derek Hudson for 20 years the Manitoba cabinet secretary; Graham Scott, a old Clark pal who is assistant secretary of the cabinet in Ontario Premier Davis' office; and Ian Macdonald, the president of York University and former deputy treasurer in Ontario who drew up a government-takeover contingency plan for Robert Stanfield in 1975.

Clark wants to restructure the secretary of government by removing power from the Privy Council office and giving it to ministers. He leans toward the British system of an inner cabinet answering about 10, and a second level of ministers who, while they would not attend the weekly meetings, would be available for specific parts of government departments: War, Transport, Industry, Trade and Commerce and Agriculture.

Clark's major hurdle—in the next few months, then, preparing to be leading a government—is the party choice. Clark wants to win in Quebec. In the by-election 70% not only lost St. Hyacinthe, a seat they had held for 30 years, but their share of the Quebec popular vote increased by a scant one per cent. One of the reasons is that with only two choices, voters had only a handful of others who can speak French, the Tories are virtually shut out of the French television news shows.

Clark is hoping that De Cotret, whose mother tongue is French, will raise the party profile on economic issues. But nothing will beat having more Quebec MPs. Clark is less concerned about the larger challenge—reversing the image of the Liberal party in Quebec as the only real hope for francophones. "There is an attempt," Clark says, "to convince the Conservative party as a party of the English—not simply that we represent English Canada, but that we represent French Canada."

With the Conservatives, however, it is not always easy. At a meeting of the British Columbia PCs before the by-elections, delegates voted against the BC government policy of offering French language schooling where numbers warrant. Clark spoke at that meeting, yet he was unaware of it. He, who had a negative impact in Quebec, may not be able to do anything to all the debate. "I'm not going to go around plying the party," he says. "The party knows that I support the Official Languages Act, that it's going to be a huge part of what we do."

Top-dollar men: Who would Clark pick for Finance?

Last week's Tory triumph brought problems as well for Joe Clark. As in the case of the Liberal-Conservative pact, Clark's government is not only a coalition but also a coalition of two low-profile parties. Clark now faces a tug-of-war of men who feel they deserve cabinet status. The problem is most acute in the finance portfolio, where Robert De Cotret, the minister who won Ottawa Centre, plus Toronto-area and Ontario seats is a candidate for the job.

Ever since the 1976 Conservative lead-up campaign, Stevens has accused the Liberal choice for finance minister in a Clark government. It was told Clark owed him the position because, without Stevens' support at the convention, he would never have become leader. After the convention, Clark kept Stevens as finance critic in his shadow cabinet.

But Clark's office warned about Stevens' shadow-cabinet usage had tried to dampen speculation that the 51-year-old lawyer would get the portfolio. There is concern that Stevens, because of his track record, would become a liability to Clark. It is widely believed he would become finance minister in the 1976-1978 election. He was the key organizer of the 41 United Group of Western Canada which reported in 1966, dragging a list of investors down with it but later Stevens returned to the province. For a while, the financial community whose endorsement is crucial for any future minister viewed Stevens as a success.

Clark never refused to speculate on his choice for finance or any other portfolio. But he did. "I'm not going to speculate on the basis of all I'm going to speculate on the basis of experience and what people. Picking between the two, Clark seems to be leaning toward De Cotret. This minister, as his choice for Interior and Natural Resources, the top of the Clark (formerly head of the Conference Board, a business-oriented) economic forecasting



De Cotret, usually doesn't crack jokes

agency, intensely possesses some of the necessary qualifications for the job. He is bright, a small, conservative and humorous. (Joe Bennett once told him, "I don't appreciate French money who crack jokes, as does Joe Clark") But De Cotret is also young (34 and looks 25) and politically uncommitted. His politician may work against him as well because in the 1976-1978 election, he was in a particular field and not necessarily going to win in the same area. That no one with a doctorate in economics has ever been minister of finance in Canada.

As an alternative, Clark might opt for Joe Crobie, a well-connected Newfoundlander lawyer who came to Ottawa in the 1974 by-elections. Crobie has kept 147 and experience. Formerly minister of finance in Newfoundland on his side. But he also has a well-developed sense of humor and is the object of a questioning campaign by John Gyles, the Atlantic province now being in power who faces tough charges in Newfoundland where he crossed Crobie several years ago. No one knows Crobie's degree in finance or whether he has any problems for a finance minister in a Clark government.

Tom Ergoski

Goliath never had a chance

Ridside riding was billed as a battle between future prime ministers pitting Conservative David Crombie, one of the most popular politicians in the city's history, against Liberal John Evans, a political novice with a brilliant record as a medical doctor and university president. But less than an hour after the polls closed the race became a rout. Peering over a battery of microphones, the dapper Mr. Crombie chorused gleefully: "You know what? We're really throwing them!"

Although the Tony Perked Mayor (his last-five) trounced the lady Evans (see last-four) by 18,756-votes-to 10,079, it was never a David and Goliath battle. Goliath was always the front runner, yet the top-of-the-charts was starting in a belated riding which hadn't gone Tony since the Delmonico years.

To a large extent, Crombie's triumph reflected the strong anti-government bias in English-speaking Canada. There were no racial issues worth mentioning. Few workers laid claim to little old ladies who had voted Liberal since the days of Maclean's Knap, but who staked—conveniently more often in anger—that they simply couldn't take a ballot list. Fewer, too, even in border towns, worried. Crombie would have been hired to lead a former teacher, he was an upper middle class, a 72-year-old man, well past his prime. The 1972 majority race in part set an urban reform movement which aimed to halt the rise of the "harmful" and "undesirable" fringe into a concrete single, self-defeating battle between interests and ideological counsel. Crombie established a housing authority and a Central Area Plan to keep Toronto a place where people live, and was reluctant to office with overbearing

majorities in '574 and '578. So wherever he went in Roseville, Grumble was usually recognized and asked: Always warmly greeted. Described by one newspaper columnist as "a joy to be in a room," he even managed to turn his lack of physical stature to humorous advantage. "You know I'm the tallest Grumble in 76 years," he likes to say. "When I go to family reunions I just hunch around."

Mike Gruber, now 42, was rising in prominence through the tangled paths of over-politics. Even 48 was taking a way different route. Also Toronto-born, the Liberal candidate was a star tackle on the Varsity Blues, a Rhodes Scholar and a distinguished medical researcher and practicing physician with a string of degrees who became president of the University of Toronto in 1972. More than a year ago, Liberal strategist moved on Evans to a prominent star candidate. These two seemed

civilian buildup. Evans accompanied Trudeau to Washington for a meeting with President Jimmy Carter (he issued Reagan's letter) and was later named to the National Unity Task Force to guide a national exposure.

But Liberal strategists were in a fatal mistake by picking Gomez for Rosales and neglected Gomez to run in nearby Elgin. Can I find the moment late in the day that Gomez also chose Rosales (I was not present) with up a hair? He conspired. He surely knew he was but stopping by accident and did kneeling on down after the election. He certainly read me this. Lib was a candidate in the city when both were jogging at a distance. He was hardly breaking stride. Events took on a hard before shunning on. But he could never match Gomez's wealth and influence. So too often he seemed to be retreating. He noted. When it was over, even the day's time passed (I was not) it was too late that one man had to lose and that Rosales would have added shame to a local presidential grievance of first-line together. The defeated candidate himself was a man of the people with his head in a political campaign, and the last line was that he would stop.

As for Corbin, he goes to Olives as usual on a front seat on the Tory benches. More serious than his bumbling manner sometimes suggests, he is a strong nationalist. When he speaks of his feelings for the whole country [where has the phrase gone? We need to dream again], there are even echoes of John Deanebar.

Incidentally, Perk is speculation that Crombe will challenge Joe Clark for the leadership, especially if the Conservatives lose the general election next year. But such speculation is almost certainly premature. With the strong power base in Toronto David Crombe can afford to wait.

Charles Taylor



Eckert and Crevier • Longitudinal study of patho-

Clark's response to the U.S. Circuit court was to argue that the new interest deduction plan would work especially if the previous system, which gave more than a 10% strike only for interest on the loans. The plan was to be implemented by the end of 1980, and the new plan would be implemented by the end of 1981. The plan was to be implemented by the end of 1981, and the new plan would be implemented by the end of 1981. The plan was to be implemented by the end of 1981, and the new plan would be implemented by the end of 1981.

last year, Clark fired out 367 corrections.

Govt. taking a report and whispered to seat-mate Flora MacDonald, "There's a Crit."

On the heels of the recent date, Clark also has left the impression that he runs when the going is toughest. When rookie Alberta MP Russ Schumacher refused to step aside for Clark, who wanted to run in New River riding, it was the leader who had to find another constituency. When a Tory candidate in Quebec lost, Clark did not reprimand him.

the only speak, it cannot act. In the public mind, except in Quebec, what seems to matter most is that the Tory leader is on the march. These days, offering a change to a discredited government seems to be enough.

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Eerie swirling caused by flooding in Alberta; the rich farmers were not rich

ber, when the combines actually hit the fields, perfect drying weather had developed a crop the like of which may had never seen. Then came the rains—and financial disaster.

In three weeks some areas were deluged with more than five inches—up from a normal 1.5. Rows of already-cut grain were beaten into the ground where they stood, their nutrients and quality bleached and bled. In some northern areas fields were actually flooded and elsewhere many were left to rot, support harvesting equipment. Grain that could be picked was soiled, making it to deteriorate when

stored. The "rich" farmers of Alberta stood helplessly beside their tons of thousands of dollars worth of equipment and watched their profit for a year's work melt away.

"When you watch your grain," says Claresholm-area farmer Eddie Baker, "you want winds, dry winds to ready it for the combine. If it's beaten down, the combine won't lift it all, so you lose volume—and it spoils, so you lose quality." Wheat is carefully graded; the high grades get the grower his profit,

while a farmer whose crop doesn't get above utility grade won't break even.

Wheat Board statistics say it costs roughly \$50 an acre to grow hard grain crops. An average crop for Alberta runs about 30 bushels to the acre. A farmer with a section—one square mile—in crop would spend \$24,000 producing it, and with top-quality wheat at about \$2.50 a bushel, his profit would be close to \$10,000—if it were all top quality, if he weren't ruined out and if he could get his crop off the land by its peak.

As it was, Alberta farmers got caught on the wrong side of a severe pattern in the upper atmosphere. It created a wet-weather system that cut there for three critical three weeks. Finally it moved eastward briskly enough to spare all but a few growers in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, whose average-or-better quality was reported and 80 to 100 per cent of the harvest was in last week in Alberta, however, only some farmers got the needed drying winds, as Indian summer warmed the area south of Red Deer. Further north, growers were still waiting for clear days to dry and their harvest was only 65 per cent complete.

Crop insurance, when payable as all, barely covers the farmer's out-of-pocket costs, and hopes were fading that Alberta Agriculture Minister Martin Niessen would provide any government relief unless the situation proved even more serious. However, a spokesman assured inquirers that the minister had telephoned Ottawa urging the Canadian Wheat Board to find more markets for lower grade grain—remember, Alberta, alas, looked to have no good supply.

Dina LaBaque

No fury like a woman unshorn

By John Mues moved his barber shop and haberdashery shop to the new University Plaza at Claresholm this spring. The year and new look—a shop on the ground floor—helped him to survive. But the landlord can have him evicted refuse to sign and the Human Rights Commission can have him up in court.

Or that's the way things look pending a decision from Mr. Justice Nelson McDougall of the P.E.I. Superior Court. Before which Mues has already appeared once, in an action brought by his landlord, The Plaza Group, owners of the mall, say the lease Mues signed permits him to function as a men's hairdresser and promote hair no competition. However, the mall has another lease with a hairdressing salon going off exclusive rights to cut women. When the hairdresser complained to the mall management complained to the barber who tried to explain to his women customers



Mues snipping his lawyer will be pleased

are, who said they would complain to the Human Rights office.

Mues, 51, had no doubts that his loyal clients followed him to the Plaza. Phone calls, new location, and a move occurred to him to worry business. He put out of him the woman he says she never came looking for women customers but as a family business, and it's not the first time she's argued of the last thing when they bring their sons for a haircut or when their husbands come in for a trim. "I lost the 10 per cent I lose another 20 per cent because they all go to someone who will cut the whole family's hair."

Until Mr. Justice McDougall decides whether or not the mall can force him to stop styling women's hair as well as men's a big John Mues is taking no chances. That's not to say the shop has lost all its family trade exactly. Let's just say, says Mues, that I personally am not cutting women's hair.

If the human rights argument wins, it is likely to result in a lot of losses and landlords when playing a lot of women. Not to mention the barber's lawyer. Her name is Daphne Diamond. **Bruce Scudap**

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Nov 1	Value	Nov 1	Value
1979	\$309.80	1983	\$153.06
1980	\$319.36	1984	\$166.79
1981	\$328.88	1985	\$181.74
1982	\$343.44		

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January 1 accept," Wojtyla spoke in Latin. "Knowing the weaknesses of these times, and aware of the responsibility of this station, putting my trust in God, I accept." When asked what name he wished to be called, Wojtyla again reflected before answering: "Because of my reverence and love and devotion to John Paul I and to Paul VI who has been my inspiration and my strength, I will take the name John Paul II."

That the election result was not universally welcomed was made clear by a howling din as he left the conclave. Asked if the choice was a surprise by surprise, "I can't say," asked what he thought of the Pope's first speech given a few minutes earlier, he said merely "I don't remember it now." For Italians in general, however, the thought of a foreigner as the helmsman evoked some genuine qualms. There were hopes that a son, "papabile," Pope would remove the worrisome interference of the church in Italian politics (it recently campaigned strongly against divorce and abortion laws). The church has also been the biggest supporter of the ruling Christian Democrats, propelling them up against the growing strength of the Communist party. Church commentators Rogues Seidler in the leftist daily *l'Espresso*, "The Catholic party finally has an obligation to not let an adult speak for itself."

Politics aside, however, there was no question that the new Pope met all the qualities that the 111 cardinals had gone seeking. He is pious, with 35 years experience under an oppressive regime, intelligent, having published 150,000 books and articles, a linguist, who speaks English, French, Italian, German, as well as Polish, and a good administrator, having been a member of three congregations—or departments—in the Vatican bureaucracy. The son of an army official whose mother died when he was nine, he grew up in the small southern Polish farming town of Wadowice. During the war, he studied in secret by night, worked in a chemical factory by day. After the war he went to Rome's Pontifical Institute for a doctorate in philosophy but returned to do parish work, becoming Archbishop of Krakow in 1961 and finally cardinal at the unusually young age of 47, 11 years ago.

While relatively unknown to the public at large, he has traveled no widely to the U.S. and Canada twice, Australia, New Zealand, and Germany last month, but he is one of the best-known cardinals in church circles. Almost every cardinal and not a few lay people have stories to tell about "the time Wojtyla came to visit." Radek, Rader, an Ontario economist and a friend since childhood, recalls that Wojtyla, on one trip to Canada, went missing for an hour at a Polish hall and when finally tracked down, was entertaining a group of children. Canadian Sen-

ator Stanley Hladun remembers Wojtyla's elegant preuring and deep concern for religious freedom in his native country.

So as hundreds of reporters descended on the quiet town of Wadowice, conversing for minutes about the new spiritual leader of over 700 million people—their own went so far as to inspect his simple small bedroom—John Paul emerged as a well-rounded man. A poet, amateur actor, a good athlete who loves to ski, a man with an almost palpable "mission touch" about him, the Polish Pope, far from arriving at the scene too soon, scored long overdue.

Angela Ferrante

Midwest

But the spirit is weak

It was a week in which the spirit of Jimmy Carter appeared to be waning very thin. And at the weekend—an agenda of talks in Washington multiplied—Israel's principal, Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Defense Minister Ruv Weizman, were back home for "consultations." What was worse, President Jimmy Carter's latest attempt to get the backing of the Saudi Arabians and Jordanians, whose support is vital for a wider settlement, seemed to be nearing a depressing conclusion.

The only bright spot, after bitter fighting which claimed 1,200 lives and further casualties of devastation, was Beirut, and even that situation looked bleak at first. An attempt of the Christian militias and the Syrian "inter-

locking" troops continued to break an uneasy ceasefire, member-states of the strategically neutral Arab League. Peace talks in Beirut, the Lebanese presidency, were making some very auspicious moves.

The rekindling threat at their conference in Lebanon was a "neutral" the Christian militia. But as an offer in the Arab world, the spokes went turned out to be very different from the dead end by week's end. Saudi Arabian and other non-Syrian units were taking over at sensitive spots along the Christian borderlines. Thus was defused a situation which had threatened to wreck the talks in Washington by embroiling the Israelis on the Christian side.

These talks, however, seemed to need no outside help in moving toward disintegration. Early in the week a long, reportedly over an attempt to introduce the West Bank's future into what were held strictly as peace talks between Egypt and Israel, required the intervention of President Carter. Then, on Thursday, the game began to cloud again. A prominent aide from Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan was officially glanced over by a White House spokesman. But rumors of a crisis would not go away.

In addition to the West Bank, the situation points in the talks were an Israeli insistence on full diplomatic relations with Egypt; the minute it begins its Sinai withdrawal, the amount of U.S. financial support needed to help Israeli military settlers and military bases in the West, an Egyptian suggestion of a peace treaty should be re-examined.

Carter and (hopeful) Hawks: Would the peace or the crisis prove stronger?



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1982 Garret Benson, Hamilton
1983 Don Lums, Winnipeg
1984 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1986 Bill Squires, Toronto
1987 Peter Liske, Calgary
1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1989 George Reed, Saskatchewan
1990 Larry Lukeman, Calgary
1991 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1992 George Reed, Saskatchewan
1993 Dennis Polansky, Hamilton
1994 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1995 John Wright, Edmonton
1996 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1997 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1998 Neil Peterson, Montreal
1999 The Honourable, Montreal
2000 Sam Eberharty, Montreal
2001 Billy Vucelja, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

1973 Ray Nettles, B.C.
1974 John Nelson, Calgary
1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1976 John LaFrance, Edmonton
1977 Ken Lachance, Ottawa
1978 Ed McQuatters, Saskatchewan
1979 Willie Harris, Calgary
1980 Willie Harris, Calgary
1981 Tom Brown, B.C.
1982 John Brown, Hamilton
1983 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
1984 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
1985 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
1986 Don Lums, Calgary
1987 Steve Vanhook, Calgary
1988 Steve Vanhook, Calgary
1989 Steve Vanhook, Calgary
1990 Ted Condon, Montreal



MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
1978 Don Nelson, Montreal
1979 Lachie, Toronto, Edmonton
1980 F.D. George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1977 Don Kipley, Edmonton
1978 Bill Baker, B.C.
1979 Ken Lums, Toronto
1980 John Nelson, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1977 Leon Bright, B.C.
1978 John Nelson, B.C.
1979 Tom Clements, Ottawa
1980 Steve Gossard, Toronto
1981 Johnny Robinson, Montreal
1982 Chuck Bailey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1977 Tom Gabel, Ottawa
1978 Tom Gabel, Hamilton
1979 Tom Gabel, Ottawa
1980 Tom Gabel, Ottawa
1981 Gerry Grogan, Ottawa
1982 Jim Young, B.C.
1983 Terry Eichelberg, Montreal
1984 Jim Young, B.C.
1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1986 Russ Jackson, Winnipeg
1987 Terry Eichelberg, Calgary
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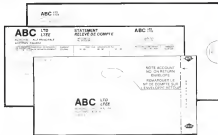
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every five years instead of being, in the Israeli's words "eternal", and the terms under which Israel will get total State aid. Things were bad enough for Dayan to tell TV viewers back home: "Unless there are more concessions by both sides there will be no agreement."

Meanwhile, U.S. undersecretary for the Near East, Israel Shalevsky, was getting nowhere in persuading the Israeli cabinet to ease its stand over the future of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. It was his third strike in a row for he had earlier failed to give Jarama and the Israeli Arabians the pledge they demanded before endorsing Camp David: that the Israelis would commit themselves to withdrawal. Shalevsky was to continue his rounds this week, talking to Palestinian leaders. But most of these had already endorsed the Camp David terms as a solvent and he seemed unlikely to make much headway. In any case, even with the Egyptian-Israeli talks off the road, efforts to make progress on the more complicated West Bank issue seemed, at best, academic.

United States

A cornucopia of controversies

They're known as the mid-term elections—next to the presidential the biggest American and British set in United States politics. On Nov. 7 will kick into the House of Representatives, one-third of the 400 Senate seats and 43 governorships are up for grabs—and both Republicans and Democrats are in their grasp. They say, not only that they're grabbing at each other, but 400 presidential hopefuls such as Governor Edmund Brown measure their strength against established rivals such as President Jimmy Carter. In the coming weeks Madison's will be measuring different aspects of the campaign. This week, *Wilson Review* reports from California:

A Governor Edmund Brown's character longer took off from Los Angeles last week at the end of another day's campaigning, a happening side element of Democratic feelings: "The only guy who can beat Jerry now is Jerry!" Unless he makes a major blunder in the final days of his drive for reelection, the smelly Jerry Brown, 49, does indeed appear to be headed for reelection. And California's ambitious first executive is good at staying out of trouble.

The same cannot be said for his handling. Brown's rival, 60-year-old Ronald Reagan, California's outgoing governor. Described by a fellow Republi-



Brown (left) and Davis (right) quick you can jump into most haircuts.

can as "about as crying as a machete potato sandwich," Younger stands Brown by 14 points in the latest Merriam Field poll. While the Brown campaign efforts are overflowing with some 32 million, much of it being spent on a final TV blitz, Younger is having trouble raising cash for a comparable media drive.

Mistakes and mishaps have dogged Younger's campaign. The worst was to allow Brown to snatch away the crucial issue in this and most of the other gubernatorial contests—tax relief. "I'm a big-swing tax cutter," jokes Jerry as rallies around the state. A sometime Davis seminar, he is not noted for his humor. But that line usually gets a laugh. He has been forgiven for calling Edward Davis' famous Proposition 13 a "trick" and a "ruff" last June.

When "JF" was overwhelmingly approved by California voters, Brown saw the light. While admiringly overseeing the distribution of a \$4-billion state budget: surplus savings bonds and counties hit by "837" whopping tax cut, he froze state salaries, slashed state spending and signed into law a \$1-billion tax cut of his own. Today, he boasts: "I'm the champion budget cutter in America. I've broken Ronald Reagan's record." What's more, he has returned the blessing on TV of the party,

crabby Jarama, now a national hero working to slash federal spending by \$100 billion.

No matter that Davis has gone on to make a second commercial praising Younger. No matter that Brown is lampooned in the press as "Jerry Jarama" and "Brownie," the incredible escape artist. Californians admire a slick operator, and Jerry is that and more. He's humble: "I'm human. I make mistakes," he says. "I change my mind because I listen to what you, the people, are saying."

In fact, Brown is not the universal flip-flop artist portrayed by his opponents. He still takes unpopular stands on many major issues and some of these positions will be tested in November. For Californians are to vote on a cornucopia of controversies, from gay rights to the death penalty, on a ballot form that contains no less than 52 proposals for state and local measures.

Four have implications that go beyond California's borders. Debate a warrant over Proposition 6, America's first state-wide referendum on a homosexual issue. This is an offshoot of evangelist Anita Bryant's national anti-gay crusade devised by her friend and fellow "born-again Christian," state Senator John Bruce. Proposition 6 would require school boards to fire teachers who are avowed homosexuals, or who "advocate or promote homosexuality in a

manizer likely to come to the attention of schoolchildren and/or other employees." Brown and Reagan are cited for once in telling "G" media and probably constitutional. But both indicate it could go either way.

Brown—who ran unsuccessfully for the Republican gubernatorial nomination earlier this year—is also sponsoring Proposition T, which would give California the toughest death penalty laws in the U.S. Nearly a year ago, state legislators overrode Brown's veto of a law reducing capital punishment. Brown's proposal would nearly double the categories of murder for which death or life imprisonment without parole could be imposed. Polls give it a good chance.

Then there's Proposition S, a proposal to ban smoking in virtually all workplaces and enclosed public areas. "We're trying to restore a right taken from us 60 years ago by the tobacco barons," says Paul Lovejoy, a San

Francisco lawyer who collected the 400,000 signatures which got "S" on the ballot. "And that's the right to clean indoor air." The powerful tobacco industry is spending nearly \$5 million to stop him.

Finally, Californians must decide whether to confirm Brown's appointment of the first woman ever to serve on the state Supreme Court, Chief Justice Rose Elinor Baskin. Right-wing and business interests want to oust Baskin, 41, charging her with incompetence, bias against liberal bias. Pro-Baskin groups say that she is under fire because she has taken a traditionally men-only job.

With all this and more going on in his backyard, does Jerry Brown have time now to think of a bid for the Democratic presidential nomination? Of course he does. "There's a remote chance," he says in public. In private, he has been referring to this campaign as "a dry run" for 1988.

Namibia

Scrambling a tired omelet

It hardly had America's Andrew Young put out the words that South Africa's new prime minister, P.W. Botha, would have to be dragged "kicking and screaming into the 20th century," when top-level officials from five Western countries descended on Pretoria last week to do some tagging. Their mission was considerably less ambitious than Young's (after all the trans-historian had been referring graciously to South Africa's racial policies) but it was of critical importance to Western strategic interests in Africa.

The high-ranking delegation included U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance,

Canadian External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson, Foreign Ministers David Owen of Britain and Hans-Dietrich Genscher of Germany. The subject to be discussed was how South-West Africa, the territory ruled for 50 years by South Africa under a League of Nations mandate invalidated 12 years ago by the UN, would finally emerge as the independent nation of Namibia.

But there was a larger issue: the "Western Front" were concerned about. This was that, while South Africa con-

tinues to rule, American (Jamieson), British (Owen), German (Genscher), and Canadian (Jamieson) officials are working to

plains that its Western critics don't realize enough its self-styled role of bulwark against Communism in Africa, the West feels that unless the South Africans change the way they play that role they might as well be double agents. Said Jamieson, who took an active and sometimes aggressive role in the discussions: "We're here to talk about the birth of Namibia as a symbol that can either be negative or positive. If they listen to us, they can help us counter Soviet influence and solve other problems in this troubled area."

The Western position was that South Africa's plan to sponsor its own elections in the territory during the first week of December—a move clearly designed to pre-empt the possibility that the Marxist-oriented South-West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO) would win UN-supervised elections—would be counter-productive. Not only SWAPO but the moderate Namibia National Front (NNF) have promised to boycott a South African-supervised election, which would almost automatically hand power to the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA)—a group favored by Pretoria but damned by its critics as a collection of self-interested whites and Uncle Tom's hicks.

Despite the victors' arguments that black African states would be outraged by such a takeover and that the West's already suspect credibility in Africa would be further eroded, the host the five flew off with was a disappointing compromise. Botha announced that his government would go ahead with its December elections—although his guests promised to consider them "null and void"—but would use its "best efforts" to persuade the victors to participate in UN-supervised elections that would bring the winner international recognition. Almost immediately DTA leader Dirk Koegel said it was far from

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partly because his party would subject to the second election, though it is held in Psochra, that the South Africans can bring him around if they want to.

The question remains whether they will. Some of the Western ministers forced their hosts at times unfathomable, and merged ensure whether the South Africans understood or wanted to understand their message. "Everything depends on how sincere they are," said Jansen. "If they really are, then we're probably accomplished something. If this is a megapower operation, that's something different. I'm still unsure."

And even if no megapower was intended, there was no guarantee the US would accept the compromise. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim was to report to the Security Council Monday, where South Africa faced the threat of a serious veto. But the results of the talks were probably enough to spare off such action for the moment.

Don Turner

Andorra

At last, the reluctant prince

It was local daily, *Popolit Andorra*, which lifted it as a historic moment. The news industry, duty-free shopping on the terraces overlooking *Andorra la Vella*, was temporarily still. With the exception of a number of shepherds who were otherwise destined, the entire 16,000 population flooded the street

Smith goes home, killing continues

As the Smith packed his bags for a weekend trip home, Washington was coming to realize what old Rhodesian hands have known for some time: That you have to get up very early to stay ahead of Smith. Unwilling to admit this in the first place, the state department decided to make the best of a bad job when he finally was allowed in two weeks ago and to go off only talks on a Rhodesian authorized long the goal of United States and British negotiators all the ground.

That this was not Smith's primary objective emerged following his arrival from shorted last with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and a series of public statements designed to be conciliatory support for his own internal settlement plans. What Smith wanted it was fairly clear: was to undermine any such backing by the administration to allow his old guerrilla leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe negotiate him.

By the time Smith headed home, the situation was still effectively at a stalemate. For while Smith argued during earlier talks with U.S. officials that he would offer of meet Nkomo and Mugabe, he had already taken action which made these talks exceedingly unlikely. All week while Smith and three African colleagues in his presidential government publicly continued their U.S.-led efforts with good hearing were able to detect a series of small rebellions from southern Africa. What was happening was that after a preliminary warship with both sides troops on Monday, President Smith, Wednesday charged northern Mozambique border to attack Gwinda's forces of Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army. The next day Smith's planes bombed a principal Nkomo base just outside the Zambian capital of Lusaka. Civilians were reported to be hurt—about 300 killed and over 1,000 wounded.

If there had ever been any hopes the talks would take place, that had ended. A lot of it already will go unreported. Nkomo told a news conference later. As for all other talks. "You can forget this whole damn business."

under the national red, blue and yellow crests beating to watch their no-noon break into the main square on foot down his helicopter landing pad.

Meeting the day and reading gravely from prepared notes, his most Christian Majesty Valery Giscard

The Bishop of Urgel (foreground) and Giscard d'Estaing (holding the baby) the co-princes wearing their kapp

d'Estaing, co-prince of Andorra, assured his subjects that he came not only as a guarantor of their liberty but as a man responsible for their progress. The applause was enthusiastic, if somewhat muted. For the Andorrans, who last week were celebrating their 50th anniversary as the world's largest inhabited country, the biggest relief was that he'd come at all.

Originally, the birthday shindig had



been scheduled for Sept. 8—the day when, 700 years ago, a treaty put an end to centuries of nasty bordering and fighting between the French county of Foix and the Spanish Bishop of Urgel by establishing a condominium under their joint rule. But, history being the somewhat complicated process it is, things did not always go smoothly for the 181-square-mile postage-stamp principality, bordering 17 miles straight up the Pyrenees as the French Spanish border. First, the Counts of Foix died out and their share passed to the kings of France. Then came the French Revolution, when the feudalistic republics found it embarrassing to have a feudal system on their hands and gave it back to Spain.

It took Napoleon to reclaim it, but even then the Andorrans did not always get the impression they were wanted. The First World War did not officially end in the country until 1918 because nobody bothered to tell the Andorrans the treaty ceremony at Versailles. Indeed, its two co-princes had never once met on Andorran soil.

The population, which started preparing for anniversary celebrations four years ago, decided this should be rectified. But from the first things started to go wrong. The church of Our Lady of Meritxell, Andorra's patron saint, burned down because of a short circuit. Then came unpleasant rumors about gun-running and Spanish extremists setting the seminary on fire. Duty-free tax haven. As if that weren't enough, the country's 16,000 foreign immigrants began demanding political rights and the resident Catalans rebel

wrote a tract on cultural colonization, starting a lot of smoldering talk about democracy.

But the worst blow came when invitations to the birthday party went out and Giscard felt it to be known that, because of certain obligations in France, he wouldn't be able to make it. He offered a monumental stand-in, but the General Giscard of the Valley, snuffed, pointed out that only their co-prince had jurisdiction as Andorran ground, and put off the birthday until he could attend.

Last week, as Giscard and his co-prince, the current Bishop of Urgel, shook hands and unveiled a statue of their birth, the chaos raged out. But even of the sturdy natives refused to be too impressed. "It's only for us," he said here, "and us." "It's not as if he's co-prince for nothing." Quite right. Every other year, Giscard receives his tribune from the Andorrans—900 francs or approximately \$286—which is certainly not to be missed at when compared with what the Bishop of Urgel collects: 900 pesetas, or approximately \$6.35, not to mention 12 grapes, 12 hens and 24 chickens, which—as if Andorra didn't have enough problems—the Bishop always sends back.

Mark McDonald

Brazil

Why bother with ballots?

It was scarcely a recording note of confidence. Although Brazil's military rulers had gone to great lengths to make the decision seem "electoral," to rubber-stamp the choice of former intelligence chief General Jose Figueiredo as president could not avoid an embarrassing challenge from the opposition Brazilian Democratic Movement (MDB). The election itself was pure farce. Out of 110 million Brazilians only 200—the members of an electoral college thoughtfully provided with a majority from the governing National Renewal Alliance (ARENA)—actually were allowed to cast their ballots. But even so the MDB's man, Roderic Brizola Monteiro, only won down by 355-225. The MDB, set up originally to provide token opposition in the congress, has come a long way in the last four years. Despite the frequent political outlawing of its leaders by the regime of outgoing President Ernesto Geisel, known for his sternness as the "Protestant," the party has won some startling victories in local and congressional polls. So much so that Geisel's regime has had to guarantee its control by normalizing one-third of the senators. These are known to

local writs as the "bionic senators" (artificial, but very powerful).

With annual inflation of around 40 per cent whitening an middle-class living standards, and a third of the population somehow surviving with less than the officially estimated minimum necessary income, anti-regime feelings had united students and professionals, church and laity.

Even the military has become a breeding ground for dissent. The army minister was fired a year ago only just before, it was said, he called his army out to take over, and General Hugo Abreu, secretary of the National Security Council and co-commander of the all-important parachute brigade, resigned in January and later sought to win over his officers by circulating details of monstrous corruption and the massive repressive measures adopted by the regime.

Support for the MDB grew as such a piece in the weeks before the new president was elected. That regime radicals nervously passed into law a reform bill—including restoration of habeas



Figueiredo. Elected president of 110 million after 60 1/2 years was cast

corpus and the abolition of the death penalty and deportation as punishment for public offenses—to quiet the unrest. Some hopefuls are even recalling the words of Abreu when he was hauled off to jail as a precaution during the presidential election. "In an aside to a Rio de Janeiro reporter he prophesied that the regime would fall 'before the middle of next year.'"

Timothy Lane



People

While waiting for the critical appraisal of her once-to-be-released movie, *Show Dancing in the Sky* City, directed by Romy's *zuma* actress, she's taught dance-choreographer **Karen Wickham** a thing or two in New York City. "I've been dancing for 15 years. How does a mysterious lady live?" Well, after retreating on weekends from the National Ballet of Canada this year, Wickham is taking twice-weekly sewing classes in Washington Square and preparing a new collection for the company's *Ballt Bazaar* at the end of the year. Featuring **Karen Kala** and **Frank Augustine**, devoted to the presentation of "intimate, inventive choreography," it's not *myself* out of work this year to become a student, said Dittus. "I'm not a dancer, but I'm good for acting. And I'm waiting to see how

It's always cracking the book.

the movie's received. I'm fairly optimistic. Audiences told me I'm going to come out smelling like roses."

A liberalist, it's typical of Margaret Trudeau's style, Paddington Press, the publishers of her upcoming autobiography, have adopted a close-mouth policy on the book's contents and are attempting to keep the publicity "as low as possible." The book, which is on my sale. The book, due to be released in April, 1979, with a hardback first printing of 100,000 copies, is currently being juggled over at the Puffinbush Book Fair. That's for foreign-language rights. The publisher is offering \$100,000 per line and \$50,000 for each foreign rights to the first serialization abroad, but the money has not yet begun to flow. "We're planning to come to Canada in November to talk to anyone interested in serialization rights up there," said Martin Glickman, president of Paddington. "I'll have the manuscript

with me and the more interested people, the more they'll put to rest." Just what your appetite, Margaret has apparently chronicled various shags she's had with Fidel Castro, Richard and Pat Nixon and the late Chinese premier Chou En-lai. "She had a conversation in English with Chou," and Greenwald "Of course, he doesn't speak English."

"I was clearly a case of déjà vu" when Sweden's 61-year-old **supernatural** **thriller** **novelist** **Ulf** **Andersson** read the script for her latest movie, **August** **Strindberg** **and** **the** **Women** **(directed** **by** **Ingmar** **Bergman** **and** **his** **wife** **Ann** **Jonsson** **and** **her** **mother** **who** **for** **many** **years** **de** **feated** **on** **her** **maternal** **commitments** **in** **order** **to** **be** **a** **parent** **).** **Consequently,** **the** **ladies** **had** **no** **one** **to** **turn** **to** **for** **advice** **and** **support** **but** **each** **other** **and** **Ulf** **Andersson,** **who's** **been** **reconsidering** **with** **regret,** **finally** **confesses** **her** **filmmaker** **mania** **and** **the** **fireworks** **begin** **in** **his** **real** **life** **once** **Bergman's** **four** **children** **are** **born** **in** **1937** **and** **1939** **and** **1942** **and** **1945** **with** **Ulf** **Andersson** **watching** **them,** **too,** **have** **had** **their** **set** **too.** **"I've** **always** **felt** **terribly** **guilty** **about** **being** **away** **from** **my** **children** **and** **my** **wife** **and** **Bergman** **in** **the** **1930s** **and** **1940s** **and** **1950s** **and** **1960s** **and** **1970s** **and** **1980s** **and** **1990s** **and** **2000s** **and** **2010s** **and** **2020s** **and** **2030s** **and** **2040s** **and** **2050s** **and** **2060s** **and** **2070s** **and** **2080s** **and** **2090s** **and** **2100s** **and** **2110s** **and** **2120s** **and** **2130s** **and** **2140s** **and** **2150s** **and** **2160s** **and** **2170s** **and** **2180s** **and** **2190s** **and** **2200s** **and** **2210s** **and** **2220s** **and** **2230s** **and** **2240s** **and** **2250s** **and** **2260s** **and** **2270s** **and** **2280s** **and** **2290s** **and** **2300s** **and** **2310s** **and** **2320s** **and** **2330s** **and** **2340s** **and** **2350s** **and** **2360s** **and** **2370s** **and** **2380s** **and** **2390s** **and** **2400s** **and** **2410s** **and** **2420s** **and** **2430s** **and** **2440s** **and** **2450s** **and** **2460s** **and** **2470s** **and** **2480s** **and** **2490s** **and** **2500s** **and** **2510s** **and** **2520s** **and** **2530s** **and** **2540s** **and** **2550s** **and** **2560s** **and** **2570s** **and** **2580s** **and** **2590s** **and** **2600s** **and** **2610s** **and** **2620s** **and** **2630s** **and** **2640s** **and** **2650s** **and** **2660s** **and** **2670s** **and** **2680s** **and** **2690s** **and** **2700s** **and** **2710s** **and** **2720s** **and** **2730s** **and** **2740s** **and** **2750s** **and** **2760s** **and** **2770s** **and** **2780s** **and** **2790s** **and** **2800s** **and** **2810s** **and** **2820s** **and** **2830s** **and** **2840s** **and** **2850s** **and** **2860s** **and** **2870s** **and** **2880s** **and** **2890s** **and** **2900s** **and** **2910s** **and** **2920s** **and** **2930s** **and** **2940s** **and** **2950s** **and** **2960s** **and** **2970s** **and** **2980s** **and** **2990s** **and** **3000s** **and** **3010s** **and** **3020s** **and** **3030s** **and** **3040s** **and** **3050s** **and** **3060s** **and** **3070s** **and** **3080s** **and** **3090s** **and** **3100s** **and** **3110s** **and** **3120s** **and** **3130s** **and** **3140s** **and** **3150s** **and** **3160s** **and** **3170s** **and** **3180s** **and** **3190s** **and** **3200s** **and** **3210s** **and** **3220s** **and** **3230s** **and** **3240s** **and** **3250s** **and** **3260s** **and** **3270s** **and** **3280s** **and** **3290s** **and** **3300s** **and** **3310s** **and** **3320s** **and** **3330s** **and** **3340s** **and** **3350s** **and** **3360s** **and** **3370s** **and** **3380s** **and** **3390s** **and** **3400s** **and** **3410s** **and** **3420s** **and** **3430s** **and** **3440s** **and** **3450s** **and** **3460s** **and** **3470s** **and** **3480s** **and** **3490s** **and** **3500s** **and** **3510s** **and** **3520s** **and** **3530s** **and** **3540s** **and** **3550s** **and** **3560s** **and** **3570s** **and** **3580s** **and** **3590s** **and** **3600s** **and** **3610s** **and** **3620s** **and** **3630s** **and** **3640s** **and** **3650s** **and** **3660s** **and** **3670s** **and** **3680s** **and** **3690s** **and**

Even a hurricane wasn't enough to drench the assailable *Mimi Hines* but it tried. While performing aboard the S.S. Rotterdam, Hines's peripatetic nightclub act was rudely interrupted by a sea squall which lashed her from her moorings, tearing the cushions and tapestries in her Red, Whitehead, Hines suite into Toronto last week for an engagement at The Imperial Room. But when the pass grew, and her face

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Ballet of Canada, will take to the stage at the universities of Waterloo and Western Ontario later this month to narrate Ojibwa Naski's verse for the *Pathways People Players'* black-light presentation of Saint-Sauveur's *Converses*. Sounda wonderful! Except that Naski's is a terrified, ass-petrolled of Naski's nasty twitting tongue-felt. "The most frightening thing is waiting for your first whopping mistake," said Pines, taking it all off from promoting her new book *The National Ballet at Canada: A Celebration*. "Try saying this for me."

Francia: che volta sarà!

sample, 'amidst resolute silence'

Don't worry, Celia, you've bound to be released!

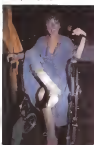
the bar's canned laughter, the audience was buoyed by hotted upsets during the recent live recording of singer-actress **Nancy White's** first album *And the Winner Is* at the Toronto cabaret. But in trying to get the best sound as well as entertain the well-oiled clique, the audio technician was almost driven to drink. For example, after two attempts, White's favorite ballad, entitled *Footprints on My Floor*, was buffed and won't appear as such anymore. And neither the drink was on the house. Artie Bernstein has left the club to make a low-budget cartoon. "My friends drank beer or wine," wailed White, "but all the music industry has chosen breaded straight for the Chateau Remy!"

Playing the role of Vassil, a Russian agent, mid-20th-century comedian, Jon Vickers, age, the 52-year-old tenor from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, has his problems even having a wife in the Metropolitan Opera's Oct. 30 production of *The Bartered Bride*. No wonder: His opening pitch to his betrothed Marinka (played by Toronto-born soprano Frances Strain, in his 40s) is "I'm not a peasant, I'm a nobleman married." Even a dose of nationalistic passion couldn't overcome that line. Nevertheless, as in all good comedy, everything ends up for the best. At the close of the Strain-led opera (first performed at The Met under the baton of Gustav Mahler in 1909, last done in 1924) Vickers is dressed as a bear, but happily unscathed. As for Strain, she's still making her first appearance (Oct. 27, 1973), and she's a real thing, a thing called Marinka.

— Edited by Jane O'Hare.

Stratton and Vickers - Out duels at The Mall

Wages: a plaster die with





Low Prices at the Old Spaghetti Factory will pale over the news?

well as selected A & M) will take down the food counters, shorten their hours and move toward earth tones, wood and plants.

Even though he would likely sniff at barbed-steel, Vancouver restaurateur Hy Amsatov, who opened his 76-room place in 1971 and has 12 Hy's steak houses across the country, represents the spiritual successor for the Eastern trek. He labors under bad press resulting from income charges against two of his employees in a Toronto restaurant, but is also constructing a \$700,000 Hy's on a converted Vancouver mansion and insists he is not interested in selling out. "Besides," says Hy, "who'd be crazy enough to want into this business?"

It's a sentiment shared by several westerners. As lower Canadian meals

are being eaten at home and even the family kitchen begins to look like a mini-takeout, the chains are beginning to wrangle under the potential heat of competitors such as Edmonton's Boston Pizza and General Foods' Crook & Black. Other sources of complaint include spiraling beef prices and the disappearance of rock lobster as Cuba and Brazil step to dispute with the Canadian dollar plan to raise, pending approval. In response, the chains are diversifying and enlarging their menus and can still their whimpers with figures, for example, that show Reg N'Glover eng-

aging 1977 revenue increases of \$4.6 per cent, and Controlled Foods with increases of 36.8 per cent. But it is figures, not regional pride or new ownership, that led the west owners to invade the postage-carriers of the East. "Oh no," says Tidball, "we didn't even consider that. The East just had the numbers!"

Thomas Hodgins

Reaching for a thin Reed

Shareholders should be aware, Reed Paper Ltd. President Don MacIver admitted to his shareholders last March, "that the company's recovery will be neither swift nor easy." Having watched Reed disappear down a \$66-million hole last year while Reed International Ltd. contemplated the sale of its Canadian Canadian child, MacIver wasn't exaggerating. The recovery of Reed's former executives, however, is recounted on a different string. Robert Billingsley, the former president who resigned in May, 1977, would shudder at the speculative management and of going to shareholders \$100,000 to Lord Ryder, his mentor and former chairman of both Reed International and Britain's mighty National Enterprise Board, has surfaced. And it's an unlikely spot: the Chairman of Virginia College, Gardner Graduate School of Business, Administrative chair in Finance Relations. "I can't turn all the time," he says Billingsley, referring to the Chairman's search for funds north of Toronto. "And with my court case pending against Reed, this is a



Reed's Quebec mill: Waiting for MacIver, Reed's Billingsley, extravagant dreams.

sell in my life when it is unlikely I could do anything else." Meanwhile, his old employer looks a bit cramped too. Four of the company's non-forest divisions have been unloaded since January, and in November Reed will sell its share in three West Coast joint ventures to partner Canadian Paper Products Ltd. for \$60 million. Now giant MacMillan-Bloedel Ltd., having sent a team to assess Reed's investment and timber manufacturing plants, appears ready to make a bid for the rest of the company's assets. Reed Paper's end is high.

It means goodbye to a company that four years ago had profits of \$36 million and some of the industry's brightest prospects. The trouble began in 1975, three years after the arrival of Billingsley, a 41-year-old marketing wunderkind from the overseas industry. He was then the chairman of the Canadian Pulp & Paper Association. Employees' Relations Council hired Billingsley to co-operate with Ryder. His relationship as president of Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., the company that later became the majority of Reed Paper. But Billingsley quickly evolved into Ryder's idea source of information on the new North American playing field. Canada was the doorway to Ryder's

higher mortgage rates and bigger monthly payments on new mortgages. A \$40,000 mortgage begun in 1973 at 12 per cent amortized over 25 years would have cost \$267.80 monthly then. It rates had stayed at 10 per cent, the monthly payment after renewal would be constant, however at 11.75 per cent monthly payment on the \$37,690 still owing is \$268—an extra \$1,812 over its cost for 25 years.

There is some good news, however, as new closing savings accounts now are 8 1/2 per cent, a move that forced the federal government to improve current Canada Savings Bonds from 8 1/8 per cent annual return to 9 1/8 per cent. Meanwhile, the Government of Canada moved the yield rate down on some of its one-year term bonds. In a three-year period, rates on bonds matured in 2003 slipped from 9 1/2 per cent to 9 1/4 per cent, a sign that money may be more costly yet. There is a "signs are ominous" no sign of downward movement. We're not out of the woods yet.

Hendrick McQueen

New Canada Savings Bonds 8.90%



Solid CDIB: No wonder said that down in

because new repurchase with characteristic price rise (the basis for change to best borrower) moving to 11 per cent, working well as the 13 to 15 per cent charged for consumer loans, along with

Dollar daze, frantic heights

The bank rate had been pushed near its post-war peak. Mortgage rates reached up over 11 per cent. The Toronto Stock Exchange, running at an all-time record high, slumped and fell 62 points in five days. The Canadian dollar fell below 60 cents (U.S.) ready to head vertically up or wildly down. A week's end, the chain reaction following the Bank of Canada's three quarters of one per cent hike rate increase was still bumping through the economy. That move, raising the bank rate has moved up 2.75 per cent since March, was a response to U.S. rate increases. Without quick action, it was argued, investment dollars would flow out of Canada, hurt Canada's dollar.

The action brought investors stability to the dollar, but not without cost to Canadian mortgage holders and borrowers. Money

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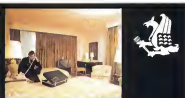
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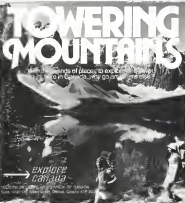


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dreams of a Commonwealth-connected multinational, and by making himself the only man to know his way around within its vast borders, Billingsley quickly cornered what a former colleague remembers as "a unique advantage for the head of a foreign-controlled company." Armed with expensive tastes and a sound theory that he could smooth out the industry's chafing ups and downs by diversifying into the retailing end of the pulp and paper business, Billingsley was instrumental in pouring capital expenditures from \$12 million in 1972 to \$44 million four years later. Part of that was bought (out flows) like pulled back to two of gloriozously appointed downtown Toronto office spaces; a specially commissioned executive art collection; a company jet, high salaries and \$250,000 to \$500,000 stock options for a number of the dozen-and-a-half key executives and many other lesser personalities Billingsley imported from outside both country and industry to oversee his newly divided empire.

But even 1975, it was clear that even Robert Billingsley couldn't suppress a powerful market. International demand for Reed's brand of pulp had evaporated and the company, already financially strangled by Billingsley's theoretical extravagance, saw profits plunge by two-thirds to \$13 million. By last Christmas, after six months of ruthless cost-cutting and layoffs at all levels, Reed International chairman and Billingsley's nemesis Alex Barritt had decided to sell Reed Paper. Ironically, the divestiture included the company's wallpaper division, which consumed 78 per cent of the market and contributed 50 per cent of Reed's profits before Billingsley's management experts alienated its clients with their "extra, white-kidney-worms" and the controversial \$400-million Northern Ontario forest-products complex that irritated the now-windless Harbison Commission on the Northern Environment.

Donald MacIver is left to try to save a company the owners don't want. To his credit, he may recently have turned Reed's last profitable quarter to over a year. Reed International has also stopped up efforts to dispose of the entire underperformed assets, staggering analysts' theories that it would hold on to a profitable Quebec City mill to satisfy its newspaper needs. MacIver's Reed seems to want both it and the Dupont mill as a link between its West Coast operations and New Brunswick holdings, but may panic on Reed's more misplaced assets, such as a Mississippi lumbermill. That and lingering stories of arrogance may be remnants of Robert Billingsley's outrageous dreams that can never be disposed of.

Ken Brown

Sports

It's still really just a Kahn game

If the scenario was all too familiar, only the opponent and venue had been changed. In one corner stood the eager challenger, Billy Reisman of Montreal, the No. 2 softball squash player in North America. In the other corner, crouched the mismatched dynamo who has won the North American championship nine times, the past 10 years and who reigns as the continent's undisputed king of squash.

The opening game was a pandemonium of excitement. With the agility and reflexes of a cat, the champion darted in and out of the corners. The pocked, guttural whines and sobs as he displayed his vast array of binding smashes and left-left touches. His eyes flared about wildly, his face contorted and narrowed every point gained or lost. The first game was a nip and tuck affair but he won and that's all he needed. Game two melted blood, there was no stopping him. He went on to win the match and the Pony Canadian Open Squash Championship, \$1,200 and another title for his collection. The one and only Sherif Kahn carried on the dreamy life by his father, the legendary Haskin Kahn.

The Kahn name has been synonymous with Canadian squash since Flaminio, who still plays promotional exhibitions at 82, left. Pakistan's Khyber Paks in the '60s to dominate the game. Spanish is booming in Canada, but Montreal, Germany and South Africa provide the most lucrative markets for the pros. Here, Ontario and Toronto are



Sherif Kahn, the Panther struck again for points in a small game.

the major sources of growth, and the city itself is fast becoming the squash mecca of North America. The explosion in Toronto has been phenomenal since the early '70s when the first commercial outlet, the Toronto Squash Club, opened its doors to the public. The arrival of Sherif and other pros helped to provide the highest density of teaching

professionals in the world. There are now over 400 courts, 100 clubs and close to 30,000 playing members in the city. But the game is not so widespread in the U.S. by comparison and since the U.S. is the "ultimate market," it's a worrisome trend that may spill over to Canada. Already, Rappaport-Oortman has applied for resident green status to qualify for government funding.

The main threats, however, are internal and they're concentrated in attracting a global and regional sponsors, big tournaments and vital television exposure. They declare a Murray Christmas, owner of Toronto's Valsella Squash Club, one of last April's McGowan Invitational, is on a one-man crusade to attract sponsors and promote tournaments. He "busted his ass" to please the darts and the players and next year's World Professional Squash Championship will be held at his club Christmas, however, has three concerns about the game: "We have an ideal market here, especially in Toronto. We have the best facilities in the world, the climate is conducive to an indoor game. But the organization on the pro level is bloody dreadful. Second, the pros haven't got anything back into the amateur game."

His third concern is the game's financial dilemma, one that affects both pros and amateurs. International players play the softball game, while Americans play with the 30" ball, a variation of the original hardball, an narrower courts. Canada straddles the opposing facilities. The trend here is toward the international game recognized by the governing amateur body, OSA (Canadian Squash Rackets Association). However, most of the events are the North American style and so the club owners have a vested interest in keeping the hardball game alive. Plans have emerged to actively involve Canadian pros from all regions in a program of nationwide tours. Also planned is an extensive publicity campaign which will feature Grand Prix tournaments and eventually cross-Canada tours.

Until now, promotion to attract sponsors has been lacking. Sherif is the only pro in North America to make a living entirely from his tournament winnings, which total somewhere between \$40,000 and \$50,000. Of the other 40 pros in Canada, only the top 10 players make around \$5,000 per year and all have to supplement their earnings by day jobs. It is Billy Reisman, Sherif's only play an exhibition match with Heather McKay, 35-time British Women's Open champion. "It's imperative that we have television," says Kahn, if squash is ever to attract semi-pro like money. But it may take more than a handful of the men and the Kahn name to pull it off. Ashley Collier.

Heaven can wait on the Damn Yankees

On Lasorda called on the Dodger in the sky. The Yankees called on their bench. Lasorda sneezed because he couldn't win it for the "great" announced fans in Travel Town. The Yankees signed it out of the Dodgers' hands and handed it to their marauding pinstriped cavalry.

The Bronx Bombers became the first team in World Series history to lose the first two games then sweep the next four. And they did it without second baseman Willie Randolph, one of the best. They did it with spot duty from last year's winning pitcher Mickey Rivers and power-hitting first baseman Chris Chambliss. They did it without pitchers Don Gullett, Andy Messersmith and relief ace Spooky Lyle. They did it without those players who would make veterans of the Expos and a season of the Blue Jays. They won it with guys like Brian Davis, Fred Staalley, Gary Thompson, Paul Blair.

The Yankees tied the series in New York with the torn pain of Orval Griggs' glove. They went ahead to capture five on the bat of Thurman Munson and

was it with their eighth and ninth hitters knocking in five runs in the finale. The losing hurler Bonser racked up 40 hits, 57 of which were singles (check records), but Reggie Jackson supplied a couple of home-run homers to keep up the magic.

The Dodgers had the set infield with Mr. Clean, Steve Garvey, at first, the Peewee, Ron Cey, at third, Davey Lopez, a man imbued with the spirit of former Dodger coach and player Jim Gilliam, at second, and the Golden Boy, Bill Russell, at short. But Mr. Clean spent many lousy days the blow dryer than running the bases (two for 24 with no runs belted in) and Russell's glove turned to stone.

With half their million-dollar infield out, the Yanks resorted Jim Spencer at first where he'd played just five times this year, and Brian Davis at second, who's spent most of the year in Tacoma, Washington. Spencer made the strikes that completed the double plays started by Davis and Series Most Valuable Player Bucky Dent (who hit .377 with seven dimes). Doyle played like he grew up with Dent and in the final game the pair went on for eight and knocked out the Dodgers.

Lasorda burred his disgruntled hitters into the fence every other Series with Lou Liao going two for 15 with one hit. Yankee DH Reggie Jackson hit .392



WVP Bucky Dent: a grand finale

with eight hits. When Lasorda finally inserted Joe Ferguson's bat, he added his arm and glove, costing him dearly.

Not all the Yankees among the champions of a third pennant and second Series in succession will be back. Catcher Cliff Johnson is a goner. Paul Blair will likely go to Texas in a deal for outfielder John Boockvar, and Roy White went out of the Yanks pick up Pirate slugger Dave Parker. Owner George Steinbrenner is building his dynasty with a checkbook and a revolving door.

Hal Quinn

Energy

A nuclear bombshell that is killing the industry

In 1978, 45,000 protesters gathered at the site of a proposed fast-breeder reactor near Brodbeck in West Germany. They were met by 5,000 police armed with Mace, tear gas and water cannons, and kept out by heavy barbed-wire fences.

Last spring, Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky decided to end a national referendum to decide whether or not the country's first nuclear plant should be used. The Zwentendorf plant, which has been complete for some time, would normally have received start-up permission from the Austrian Parliament. But Kreisky, fearing the wrath of Austria's powerful anti-nuclear movement and remembering the fate of his friend Oskar Palms (who lost his responsibility along to the electorate. Palms was prime minister of Sweden until the election of 1966 when his Social Democratic Party, which had held power for 44 years, was ousted by anti-nuclear voters.) The Austrian referendum is scheduled for Nov. 5.

In Europe, nuclear policies mean confrontation politics. Most countries, particularly those not blessed with abundant hydro or fossil-fuel resources, continue to find the nuclear option attractive. But the opposition at citizens who oppose technology they believe to be unacceptably dangerous, is powerful. And while it has so far failed to halt the spread of nuclear power in Europe, the opposition—with the help of declining demand for electricity—has slowed ex-

pansion in the point where companies in the nuclear industry's most success in the export trade or go out of business.

In Canada, despite the high hopes of government and industry officials who had thought the Canada reactor would be the international showpiece of Canadian high technology—and despite the absence of better European-style confrontation with nuclear power opponents—the nuclear industry may soon pass away. The crucial nail in the coffin may be the seemingly mild interim report of Dr. Arthur Porter's Royal Commission on Electric Power Planning in

Picking nuclear "B" station a building, and the gloomiest, some hospital facilities.

Ontario—the most important document to date on the future of nuclear power in Canada.

The minority report, unveiled by Porter to the public on Sept. 27—based on 225 hours of public hearings and stacks of submissions from Ontario Hydro, private industry, government representatives, international experts and kind consultants—contained some initial good news for nuclear proponents. Porter and his fellow commissioners concluded that, despite the spread this summer, "within reasonable limits, the CANDU reactor is safe." And although the report suggests that a moratorium on future nuclear ventures would be warranted if a satisfactory method for permanent disposal of radioactive waste is not found by 1984, Porter is optimistic that such a method will appear in time. Which soothed an industry leader on the issue of safety and waste disposal from the protests of anti-nuclear groups.

But Porter's safety findings were not enough. The nuclear industry has a more serious problem—one that is closer to its pocketbook. Reactor sales are slow and the outlook is bleak. Don Douglas, former chairman of Babcock and Wilcox, a major supplier of nuclear equipment, told a Porter Commission hearing last December that the industry was in trouble. "By 1990 it will be producing at only half its capacity of 3% to four percent per year," he said. "And the present projections of domestic demand indicate that the industry will continue to operate below capacity for at least the next 18 years."

By domestic demand, Douglas means Ontario. The province's existing nuclear facilities and contracted purchases rep-

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Conservation Porter working his axe: all they needed was a conservationist

dent, Walter Hibbins, says that even if the Romanian export sale goes through, it won't come in time to prevent closures in 1980. "The penny has already dropped for the nuclear industry," Hibbins claims, "and nothing can happen in the next three years soon enough to solve the industry's problems short of a deliberate make-work device."

But when the Porter Commission released its report eight days after the Leonard and Partners study, the future looked even bleaker. Porter and his colleagues rejected Ontario Hydro's forecast of a 5.5 per cent average annual electrical growth. Instead, they concluded that "the average growth rate to the year 2000 will probably be in the order of four per cent per annum." Porter judged that Ontario should install no more than 12 nuclear reactors (three stations with four 600-megawatt reactors each) between 1988—when currently committed construction will be finished—and the turn of the century. Order at that level—about one reactor per year—would support only a quarter of the industry's current productive capacity. Exports (and possible sales to Quebec) might bridge some of the gap but, as Porter pointed out, "recent history... suggests confidence neither in the ease with which Canada is likely to achieve further exports beyond the two CANDU reactors sold to Argentina and South Korea, nor in the commercial profitability of such ventures."

CNA president Nicholas Edgar somehow remains optimistic that nuclear manufacturers, which have 6,000 employees and a capital investment of \$615 million, will pull through. "If there are not enough domestic sales, then there will just have to be exports," he says. But nuclear manufacturers will be making a lot of it they stay in the nuclear business relying on the export trade. Knowing that Ontario will no longer provide a lifeline for survival if Porter's views are accepted. They may stick it out through lean years only to find the future is even leaner.

The nuclear industry will have to wait until October, 1979, for Porter's final word on a probable electrical growth and the likelihood of future revenue sales. Last October, international energy consultant and soft energy advocate Amory Lovins told Porter that the U.S. nuclear industry was like a dying man: "The industry is dying."

The Canadian industry is also dying. But it is well aware of its dilemma and it has not been seriously injured in battle. It is merely starving to death, quietly and discreetly.

Robert Gibson

recent close to 90 per cent of the Canadian nuclear industry's total sales. While Douglas appeared before Porter, Ontario Hydro was predicting that demand for electrical energy would increase 6.9 per cent annually at the turn of the century, implying a need for about 30 reactors in addition to those Hydro was already committed to build. For the industry, it worked out to slightly less than two reactors per year.

Three months later, Ontario Hydro dropped its forecast to 5.2 per cent. Until this decade, electricity use had increased by about seven per cent each year. But this expansion began to slow in the '70s, even before energy prices increased following the 1973 oil crisis introduced consumers to the joys and economics of conservation. Hydro returned brave faces of a return to the seven-per-cent growth rate of the cheap energy era until 1978. By 1977 the actual growth rate had fallen to 2.5 per cent. Further reduction in the Hydro forecast was inevitable.

The worried Canadian Nuclear Association (CNA), representing nuclear manufacturers, consultants and utility users, contacted Leonard and Partners of Ottawa to reassess the economic prospects of the industry. Their report, released on Sept. 19, revealed that the industry was operating at the maximum

production level consistent with continued survival and faced a further slump in the early '80s. And some components were "already crumbling with disrepair from the industry."

Leonard and Partners did not close off all hope. They concluded that a slightly smaller industry would be able to clear out a marginal contribution if Ontario Hydro would commit itself to building at least as many new reactors as the 5.2-per-cent growth rate implied. In addition, they saw some means to anticipate export sales and thought that Ontario and Quebec might be willing to assist the industry by slowing nuclear plants a few years earlier than necessary. But while some export sales were on the horizon—notably to Romania—an export boom was in sight. Ontario was already expecting to lose too much power on its books by the mid-'80s and, in Quebec, the government had yet to decide whether it even wanted to add an extra reactor to its Gentilly complex.

Standard Motors Took, one of two companies in Canada that make fastening machines for reactors, is now doing better than some other nuclear equipment manufacturers. It is currently operating at about 90 per cent capacity, but by the end of 1980 its fastening machines department will be down to 15 per cent. Standard Motors' vice-presi-

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Love means never having quite enough to say



THE SEA, THE SEA
by Iris Murdoch
(Clark's, \$19.95)

Ever since John Updike sent up British author Iris Murdoch's upper-class sadists, it has been difficult to read her books with quite the degree of gravity her introspective characters would like. Updike tried his venture into Murdoch-country when *Pencil Case* of *Narcissa* and managed to rework the nursery rhyme about the cat and the fiddle into a full-blown story of hapless love with overtones of Christian mysticism. The opening lines set the mood:

"This fiddle?"
"Fiddle?"
"You're thinking about God again," it was true. She had been. The cat had been thinking about the fiddle.

The parody was done brilliantly—and affectionately. Murdoch is a skilled writer with a splendid ability to create character and a flawless eye for the little details that flesh out her slightly snooty, faintly embittered English intellectuals. In her previous 18 novels, Murdoch has explored every conceivable variation of their relationships: men and women, women and women, men and men, and any other thoughtful combination the Diderot set could pull off.

Her latest novel, *The Sea, The Sea*,

Murdoch is the eye of the 'storm'

creates so marvellous a tangle that it would defy even Updike's wickily accurate eye. Murdoch's hero, Charles Arrowby, is possibly her most fully developed character, a 40-ish author gone to live in a remote cottage next to the sea in the neighboring village, seaside and fate near their heads when Arrowby rediscovers the sweetheart he lost at 18. The novel concentrates on Arrowby's desperate plans to extract the bewildered 60-year-old woman from her marriage, and along the way ropes with the supernatural and the role of fate in man's affairs—all in the accompaniment of a cast of characters that enter and re-enter Arrowby's life in a kaleidoscope of combinations. It is vintage Murdoch, and for those of us who relish her brand of Harlequin-over-the-intellectual, an enjoyable indulgence. But Updike's point remains true: Though Murdoch's characters have a superior vocabulary and far greater range of associations than the cardboard figures of Harlequin romance, they inhabit the same emotional world. They may conceive fate, the meaning of life, and so on, but their questions seem to be of importance only insofar as those matters affect their sexual or emotional relationships to one another. "It is not contrary to reason to prefer

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Barbara Amiel

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ultimate desert oasis," where Jerry
Ford and Frank Sinatra can tee off on
the same golf links and golfing mag-
nate Walter Annenberg has built his
own nine-hole course to avoid the
crowd.

The cast of characters would be
enough to make Rosa Barret out her
heart out. There is an aging ex-con-



Arden, puffing Box Road in a rage

greenman stalked by murder but with a
heart and a real estate scheme as big as
all outdoors (Kirk Douglas), the most
luscious blonde in the world (Farrah
Fawcett-Majors), a former newspaper
columnist mooning from a nervous
breakdown (Jack Nicholson), a terror-
stricken French-Canadian aristocrat es-
caping from a drunken wife (Alan Ar-
kin), Zsa Zsa Padroni, and a magno-
motive business tycoon who tries to
control all he touches (Paul Newman).

If *Paul Springs* sounds like a fairy
tale, you're right—an adult's yellow

brick road in the world where our im-
ages of reality are conveyed by pump
columns, glossy fashion publications,
and *People* magazine. A Canadian for-
mer newspaperman now resident in the
desert dream world, Arden brings a re-
porter's trained eye and passion for de-
tail. The fun of the book is that where
most purveyors of the insubstantial are
true believers, Arden goes on *Paul
Springs* with eyes angled by the
desert sun. He comes as through the
thicket of the plot (the story really
doesn't start until midway through the
book, and all the real action takes place
in the last 75 pages) with sceptic wit
and an ear for dialogue. *Suburban* might
be dull but at least our dreams have less
chance of turning into wide-screen
nightmares. After all, if what Arden
does is in *Paul Springs*, no wonder
Jerry Ford, after two years in the
golden ghetto, has once again been
thinking of running for president.

Bita Christopher

True tales from a cryptogram

A CRYPTIC MESSENGER
THE CRYPTICUS: 14TH CENTURY
by Barbara W. Tuchman
(Penguin House of Canada \$21)

THE book in the world of Finnish
Ulfsgaard, Hermyman, Bush, re-
ferred into print. War, famine and
plague ride the north and an uncon-
quering people look desperately for
Christ, the missing homestead of the
apocalypse. Historian Barbara Tuch-
man (Penguin Pulitzer Prize winner for
The Guns of August and *Stillest*) and
the *American Express* in Christ brings
the 14th century of Europe to readers in
a marvellous book that becomes a
celebration of the power of language to
evade the five senses. The vision of
medieval Paris and London felt readers
with their mindless search (the
opening contents of chamber pots
emptied from adjacent windows) and their
relentless captivity. The rule of law
that defined the Roman Empire is re-
placed by the Middle Ages' rule of
privilege and reward. Into such a world,
and so intimately to any reader, dependent
on such shifting alignments of state
and church, comes the plague bacillus
the Black Death.

It would kill a third of Europe. The
gold-embossed varnishes, chamber gloves
of cow-skin, leather world, is no
barrier to the plague's flea and rat
bites. As winter and summer die, labor
shortages and famine followed the
plague. Over it all hang the superstitions
of the age, the evils and the
darkness that were at once the source of
the Church's power and its undoing. If



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And it's a shame. Right now, while that
 is, our level spend places the way that
 we're doing.

[illegible]

At the National University of Canada we share that concern deeply. One of our major goals is to persuade some of these national elites to ensure that they are protected from thefts of their apartments, shopping plazas and highways that will doubtless leave them if no other cases. And with help, we welcome this action Canada.

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The Nature Conservancy
of Canada

Scale 671, 2200-Yangon: Sincere
Tawantya Mats JE1

the Church could not halt the plague, nor the hysterical flagellants blessed by priests, nor its austere clergy ready to sell a place in paradise for a good price, then what help was the Church? As the 14th century lurched on, bloodied by the Hundred Years' War between England and France, and the schism that saw two popes warring over the Church's riches, Europe seemed destined to collapse.



Turbulent life now under the sun

Using the life of the modern Empress Dowager Cixiyi VII, a local Presbyterian and Jewry Jew of the King of England, Theodorastus traces the shadowing of the sun She, herself, is careful to draw out the 15th-century experience in the 20th. All she will say, in the book's introduction, is that given today's "collapsing assumptions," it is reassuring to know that the human species has not been "born" from the past. In fact, Theodorastus's book is a most excellent, preventive thought, since many more 15th-century women than men were educated and literate, it is curious that there were no female Chancellors, Bishops or Archbishops among them. Her list of "women of letters" is a most interesting and welcome of feminism are remarkable for their similarity to the regulations and opinions of our own times. Accounts of such diverse matters as the persons against the Jews, the desecration of graves, the persecution of the state spenders or the proliferation of law governing everything from dress to dress and profits, reminds one that little under the sun is actually new. All the fine types of the Enlightenment, that man's progress could be seized by the hand, and the world could be reshaped in the 20th century, is what

reason is either been abandoned (culture, drugs, astrology) or has itself been turned into a bloodthirsty deity ("poetic") Marduk or Mammon. Neither Diderot nor Voltaire would have been surprised to be preceded by a Hitler or a Stalin but they would not have expected to be followed by them — not indeed by a Timothy Leary or an Andrew Young. Diderot may not stress the parallels between the crude 17th century and the sophisticated 20th, but those who read her extraordinarily well may find the two have more in common than one would have liked to admit.

Barbara Amiel

And here there be dragons

CONSIDERING HER CONDITION
by Margaret Gibson
10 Sept. 1990

On her most recent collection of short stories, Margaret Gibson portrays people's doomed struggles to keep the "black dream" of reality at bay. She has entered the still place and I do not want anything to disturb it," thanks the transformed mind of Meg Glens in *Jessie Tatum, Her Life and Times*. Meg is reluctantly sucked into the harpison of a man named Brian. Brian is a well-educated social-warrior husband, who thinks reality should be administered in therapeutic doses, explains her into writing an article about the young baker in the final scene, Brian is poised to blow his brains out in front of Meg, after she has rejected his love. It's the confrontation between two men that gives the women their power.

Her characters are torn apart by con-



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NEXT TIME TRY
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flying fantasies and projections—of those around them. The "odd place," where feelings are frozen, is the only refuge for these victims. Jane, the 42-year-old sister of *Still Life*, has found safety inside coffee cups spiked with Scotch. Her parents deliberately ignore her misery ("She's a good girl, thank you," I always told you she was the best little girl," said drive Jane to a futile bid for freedom that gets no further than the nearest bar).

In Gibson's world, the only sane and genuine relationship is between mother and child. In the most poignant story, *The Water Fairy*, when Gwendolyn is raped while her 4-year-old son sleeps, her and hides his eyes so if it is a game, the real violation is of the mother-child bond, to protect her son from the obscene brutality that penetrates the adult world, Gwendolyn must lie, and so be the first of many to dangerously blur the line between palatial reality and disorienting fantasy for her. Gibson keeps telling us that people are forced into madness and isolation by the intolerance and destructiveness of others. Her high-relief imagery, controlled disintegration of mental disintegration and compact style are like well-modulated notes playing the same old song. But her character's personal victimizations take on the predictability of a paranoid vision. Margaret Atwood's analysis of "victims" in Canadian literature notwithstanding, perhaps Margaret Gibson will come to see her considerable talent to explore other emotional landscapes.

Anne Hollaway McKee

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICION

- 1 *Gunspeak*, Michael (1)
- 2 *SS-GB*, Delaplan (3)
- 3 *The Helicopter Cemetery*, Latham (3)
- 4 *The Far Pavlova*, Key (1)
- 5 *The Shadowbox*, Feltner (3)
- 6 *Waters and Shores*, Van Dyke
- 7 *Grassroots*, Hupke (3)
- 8 *Scorpions*, Kowalski (3)
- 9 *Windmills*, Shuster (1)
- 10 *After the War*, Watson (1)

NON-FICION

- 1 *The Complete Book of Baking*, Pizer (1)
- 2 *When Lovers Are Friends*, Stein (3)
- 3 *It's Like a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in This Pit?* Rinebeck (2)
- 4 *The Wall Reader*, Barker
- 5 *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*, Mollath (3)
- 6 *Robert Kennedy and the Times*, Schlesinger (1)
- 7 *The Joy of Hockey*, Alouff (1)
- 8 *Pulling Your Own Strings*, Spear (3)
- 9 *Trustees*, Redman (3)
- 10 *Chickadee*, Hopkins

Prepared with the aid of the
Canadian Bookwatch Committee



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Was there ever a better time to give us a try?

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more good music!



Agriculture

Bury the Indians' hearts in the Ontario rice fields

the lovely, rocky lakeside of North-
west Ontario is a world away
from the grimy urban sprawl of Toronto. But
a confrontation there between the desires
of the Indians to preserve and expand
a traditional lifestyle and the rules
imperatives of modern-day North
America is causing some severe cases of
dry-eyes in the big city. At issue is
wild rice, the soft, nutty substitute for
starchy-sweet rice varieties, whose retail
prices has shot up as much as 300 per
cent this year over last, to a prohibitive
high of \$45 a pound. The bottom line is
the Lake of the Woods, the continent's
largest wild-rice-producing area.

The Ojibwa of the area still harvest
wild rice the same way as their ancestors
—by hand from a canoe. New policies,
mechanized competition, water control,
and U.S. shopping are threatening
a promising venture for thousands
of Indians from 25 bands.

The Indian chiefs' organization,
Grand Council Treaty 3 (west of Thunder
Bay), argued before Ontario's Harris
Commission on the Northern Economy
that the traditional harvest
should be expanded to boost the economy
of reserves in the area. Its then
commissioner, Ontario Supreme Court
Justice Patrick Harte, in April recom-
mended a five-year freeze on new li-
censes to non-Indian. Non-Indians
quickly formed the Ontario Wild Rice
Producers Association (OWRPA) to lobby
against what they called "reverse
racism." After a month of retrospection,
Premier William Davis backed Harte's
recommendation, with the proviso that

the OWRPA be included in marketing
negotiations.

But in June the Indians' hopes were
drowned with the rice crop when the

Wild rice country before (left) and after
the big flood. The harvest was disaster.

waters of Lake of the Woods were
raised two feet higher than the previous
year for water-power storage. The harvest
was a few thousand pounds from an
area which had yielded more than
500,000 in 1977.

Northern Affairs Minister Leo
Brenner first raised Indians' are white
natural resources minister, when his office
made the excessive claim that the wild
rice harvest could be increased by 400
per cent. In his present portfolio, Brenner
helped draft guidelines—once
skipped—which would have scrapped
the Indians' sole right to harvest in
Lake of the Woods waters and given
first rights to the only processor in
Northwestern Ontario, Ben Zatsky,
Brenner's campaign manager.

Just to compound the Indians' woes,
wild-rice prices are affected by U.S.
competitors—the main buyers and processors—
which stockpile the crop in
good years and charge what the market
will bear. "It's not good for the In-
dians," says Bob Peterson of Manitoba's
Wild Rice Development Program. "A
lot of people may not buy wild rice
anymore." If that happens, the processor's
loss will become the Indians' loss—
of badly needed employment.

Kathi Avery

Labor

Tipping the odds against gratuities

Members of the plastic-card society
are fond of proselytizing on the
benefits of the new computer order—
but progress always has its victims.
This time it's the nation's waiters and
waitresses, who are table-hopping mad
at a sudden assault by Revenue Canada
on their jobs' only perk—the tip.
There is little protest here long lines
the cash left over after all those coffee cups
as the only compensation for the low
pay, long hours and sore feet they have
to endure. All that has ended this year
with the federal government's first
mass prosecution of waiters for con-
vincing to declare those gratuities as tax-
able income. Singled out were four
catering-house employees in Winnipeg, six in
Edmonton, one each in Calgary and

REUTERS/ALAN MORGAN



Kitchener, and in the biggest crackdown, 18 in the Toronto area.

Revenue Canada has for years been
content to "assess" errant waiters and
waitresses, often settling from anonymous
tip-offs, an amount based on the
sum of the cash taken over, without
prosecution or publicity. Now it is eager
to have its day in court. "It's the in-
crease in credit-card billing," says Mac-
donald Waddell, section head of Revenue

Canada's special investigation branch
in Toronto. "We've always known that
there was a compliance gap in this pro-
fession, that people who received gra-
tuities didn't declare all of them."

After random audits, tax investiga-
tors were able, thanks to the charge
slips, to find records of complete trans-
actions, including tips, in restaurant
ledgers. They then threw the book at
the waiters who worked there. All 18
Toronto-area waiters (five worked at
Whaler's Wharf, four at the Inn On The
Park, the rest at other establishments)
pleaded guilty to the charges. Seventeen
have already been sentenced to pay
fines of between 25 and 300 per cent of
the amount of tax evaded, plus penalties
of 25 per cent of the unpaid amount and
six per cent interest. "The Revenue
Canada people showed me the evidence
before the trial," says Brian Watson,
cousin for the Whaler's Wharf case.

"That's how confident they were."
Comptroller General Paul Ver-
gades. "A waiter has to pay taxes on his
whole income, including tips, but if he
loses his job he gets paid unemployment
based only on his salary." In Ontario,
that is a minimum of \$2.50 an hour for
waiters and waitresses is (lowest
provision)—35 cents an hour less than
the provincial minimum wage. Ver-
gades says the prosecutions will finally
force waiters to declare their gratuities
in the coming tax year. "With credit
cards, there's no choice," he says. "It's
all in black and white, all on the books."
If I were still a waiter, I'd get myself a
calculator." Fred Blasz

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Press

All the news that's soft enough to print

It is increasingly true that politics are determined less by what goes on in Parliament than by what happens in public opinion polls. But few people realize as they pick up their daily papers that the same trend is happening in the newspaper business—publishers are relying on the judgments of politicians here to tell them what readers want rather than on the judgment of editors. And the publishers have been reporting that the public wants what they call "soft" news, not the straight hard reporting necessary to keep readers well-informed citizens—resulting in the softening of many a Canadian newspaper according to keep abreast of both profits and the taxes. "Speaking privately," says Dick Macdonald of the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association, "I think many papers have responded in an almost knee-jerk way to some of these surveys."

There's nothing new, of course, in newspapers' over-programming their content on gossip columns, quizzes, self-help features and details of petty crime. Only recently, however, have some major papers reversed their order of priorities almost to the exclusion of staff-written national and international news. Such policies are tied to the general decline in newspaper circulation relative to increases in popularity and the age of the average reader. These factors in turn are tied to television and the rise of the TV news cast, but also to a nebulous, amorphous mood of otherworldliness on the part of readers these days. This mood has expressed itself in a demand for fewer and fewer facts about the real world, or to say the papers that act on that assumption.

The Ottawa Citizen is one of the most recent and conspicuous converts to the soft news approach, with three sections feeding the reader's appetite for trivia. There's the daily Tempo section and the weekly tabloid T.O.P., part of whose function, according to an in-house memo, is "to give the Citizen some of the tractive bait so sought in front of the large group of non-readers, from high-schoolers to young adults, who do not have the newspaper reading habit." Noting the heavy emphasis on disco lifestyles, Citizen columnist Charles Givins shares the whole phenomenon aimed at "people who move their lips when they read." Third and most controversial is the Neighborhood News

department, an entire page given over daily to replace ads, sponsored by get shown and the like.

Tempo and T.O.P. are new within the past few months; the Neighborhood page began more than two years ago. Says Managing Editor Nelson Stace, who spearheaded the change: "If Tempo announces a new policy and then on the same day the city decides to put up a new light standard that's going to shade light in my window—well, which lightbulb is more desirable? This kind of thing has come in very high on my survey I've ever heard of. The people want it." But the risk and file doesn't necessarily agree. "A lot of people would say it's a debasement of what newspapers are traditionally supposed to do," says Susan Connelley, a Citizen reporter who wrote last to those at Carleton University on the slide to mushy news values. For the thesis, which "became a real sore point around here," she inter-

Views of the new-book newspapers. Part of a "knee-jerk" response to the reader surveys?

viewed quite a few Citizen editors and reporters who are at odds with the paper's new policy.

By no means is the Ottawa experience isolated. Recently, for instance, the Citizen, the Ottawa Journal, and many other papers across the country, ran the first Canadian Press "happy story" from abroad—the result of a directive to CP's handful of foreign correspondents to write home as much good news as possible. This is in addition to CP's new "weekend extra," a schedule of soft news and regional news designed to find all the new Sunday papers. According to Harold Norman, its foreign editor, CP is taking cognizance of the trend "toward increased use by newspapers, and demand for, what some people call soft news."

With slick city magazines in the major centers, a proliferation of suburban and even neighborhood weeklies, not to mention the personal postulation of community-access TV, the press has been forced to turn increasingly to service features, entertainment listings and how-to-cope material just to be competitive. No one objects to this. At issue, rather, is a change in the very temperament of newspapers, a change that would see drastic alterations in the idea of just what constitutes newsworthy news, a turn away from the controversial, the investigative, the tangible.





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While all papers seem to be pondering their future in these terms, a few have already made substantial commitments to survival.

The *Birmingham Journal*, faced with the intrusion of the very *Birmingham Star* (its first newspaper since 1861), has moved, simultaneously with the *Ottawa Citizen* and other papers in the Southern shant, into the neighborhood news arena. "It's no problem getting news," says the paper's editor, Catherine Curran. "Even in the dog days of summer, we get phone calls all the time with neighborhood news." The *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix* followed suit—"and very successfully," according to Executive Editor Jim Petro. Just last month the growing importance of soft news seemed confirmed by a thorough redesign of the *Star-Phoenix*.

Three years ago *The Winnipeg Tribune*, for so long second fiddle to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, went to a totally new design. The switch made it visually appealing besides bolstering the paper's circulation and profits. It also provided cover for a modification in editorial acclimation, though not so drastic a change as occurred elsewhere. "We decided to go in both directions at once," says Donna Harvey, the *Tribune's* editor. "More of each kind of news—hard and soft." Rose so, the shift has not been without controversy in the trade, for all its success with the public—a public whose tastes may vary from news to gossip, but which seems to know when a paper is going overboard.

The case of *The Toronto Star* is perhaps the most recent example. Last October, the *Star* outgirded the *Sunday Star*. With its array of light columns, games and gossip, it was the last word in editorial rotundity. But it met with stiff and immediate reader resistance. A year later the paper is still thin in advertising and weak in circulation (with approx. equally weak third as many readers as its *Saturday* sister), but the company appears determined to keep the paper on its present course. Early this month the *Star* reopened *The Sunday Star's* format and circulation on its

weekday and *Saturday* editions.

So what's causing such radical turn-of-mind and confusion of outlook? Pan is, basically, at realizing a gap exists between papers and their readers. This is a point all newspaper editors seem to make, independently of one another. "We're getting too far away from the people's lives," says Nelson Skuce. Donna Harvey agrees. "During the '50s and '60s, people at the papers thought they had become more sophisticated or intellectual than the readers," she says. "But what really happened was that we lost touch with our readers and they stopped reading us. Now we have to get back to them by becoming useful to them in their daily lives." Some publishers saw commissioned surveys as the only hope for realignment.

This was especially true in the U.S., where metropolitan dailies (afternoon ones particularly) were further threatened by early evening network news shows. Clearly, dailies had to become more like magazines but only in addition to doing best the kind of reporting only newspapers can do. But many publishers missed their loyal base in com-



'Citizen' Managing Editor Skuce (above), Petro of 'The Star-Phoenix,' trying to close the gap between newspaper and reader



The whisky a man saves for himself ...and his friends.

It's a matter of taste.
So we take the time to blend
together 29 great, aged whiskies
...into one great taste.
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One great taste over 100 years.



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shaking up would have been more convincing if it had been accompanied by recognition that there remain have-been minds and deers with by Christian churches."

Many other Toronto communal leaders are worried about the film. The Jewish Trust could strike. A group led by Roman Catholic Archbishop Emmett Carter, W. Gordon Plint, head of the Canadian Jewish Congress, and Rabbi Jacob Perelson of Toronto's Jewish of Bathia, is already petitioning two to change certain parts of the film. The film—even though only two members of the congregation had seen a bare 25 minutes of film at the time the protest was expressed. Asks Irving Layton, who tested Christian guilt over the persecution of the Jews in the speaker over his book of poems, *For My Broken Jews*, and who also appears as one of Javorski's victims. "What is the big kahuna here, that a TV show is being broadcast that the Jews are not responsible for killing Jesus? For me, this is only the beginning." He continues, "Many Chris-

tians have shored the Holocaust under the carpet. . . . We can't take this, it's too melodramatic, exaggerated." I want my



Actor Carmell as Georges de Mantes

Christian neighbor to be told plainly the story of Christianity's issues and

relentless persecution of the Jew. The worst thing is indifference and that's what I hope this program will do something to end. Apathy and indifference do have a consequence and the consequence can be murder."

And Javorski—writer, producer, director, editor, actor—is unfazed by the controversy. "Trying to stop this thing is ridiculous, another intellectual move by churches and synagogues . . . formed by leaders who should be letting their ideas through to the people. Their stand is highly intolerant, a censorship of thought." Javorski's vision of intolerance found a vehicle—*The Jews Trial*—which is, ironically, experiencing intolerance itself. The film poses many questions, not the least of which seems to be, why will we ever learn? Javorski is optimistic. When he talks about the first airing on Nov. 5th, he smiles. "On

ward and upward. The dogs are barking and the carves is going forward."

March Douglas

Column

Take heart, Canada! For every 'Gong Show' we give them back a Harlequin romance



By Monique Richler

It's the good gray men of Canada are at it. If it again, our intellectual commentators, and then in isolated Ottawa, where nobody can balance a set of books anyway. They are gnawing their teeth, they are bemoaning our cultural lot. This time out it is Horace A. Johnson, president of the CBC, appearing before the Canadian Radio-television and

Television Commission (CRTC), mourning the fact that English-speaking Canadians are spending about 74 per cent of their viewing time watching foreign programs, mainly from the U.S. and arguing for more Canadian content on both the CBC and privately owned channels.

Two thoughts spring immediately to mind.

1. What most of us want from the CBC is not necessarily more, but better, Canadian content. Fewer shows that drive after nothing more than being second-rate American pup, more that are informed by logic and intelligence, like *Kiss Me*.

2. Privately owned channels are run by little greasers who are interested in only one thing ratings. For Johnson to ask for more Canadian content on these channels is to invite still more gaggy, mindless talk, or glib, shown, on the air at six in the morning or five in the afternoon. What these tacky Canadian shows show are in common besides reality is that they are all owned by one Fred Davis or another.

But wait, I haven't come here to weep over American cultural domination but to celebrate Canadian achievement. It's true Canadians appreciate that even as we continue to be culturally colonized, to some extent, we are probably, given the modest size of our population, the ultimate, if as yet unrecognized, cultural superpowers of the English-speaking world.

Even as we grieve over the lack of a mythology of our own, we are largely responsible for many an American myth. Good grief, even Superman was the invention of a Toronto cartoonist, and when the film of that name opens in



but the reverse side of the coin would surely be a work by a wounded American patriot called Canada's Hollywood. It would point out that Jack Warner and Louis B. Mayer, makers of *The Dreen Pickery*, both came out of Canada, as did America's very own Sweetheart, Mary Pickford. Ralston et al., it might add that many of the truly American TV shows are produced and written in Hollywood by Canadian graduates of the American film school.

Coloring Canadians have also had the audacity to play a couple of American presidents of some reputation. Al Lencore (Raymond Massey) and Woodrow Wilson (Alexander Knox) inspired, if you will, what would have happened here if the late Peter Onor had been brought in to play Macdonald King or if Stratford had hired W. C. Fields to portray Dief. Why, the next you have time to attend the meetings of the Association of Cana-

dian Television and Radio Artists (ACTRA) would be firing off outraged letters to the secretary of state.

Our cultural influence, below the fifth parallel, is prodigious. If we import *Weekend Update* and *The Gong Show*, we have also cunningly nurtured to drop Paul Anka, Robert Goulet (U.S.-born but Canadian-born), Harlequin Books and the WPA on astounding American. With a little more effort, we may yet talk them into Richard Robison and René Steward.

Our cultural tentacles also extend to England. Even as we fight to limit foreign ownership in book publishing and the press here, we should remember that for years the two dominant press lords of Great Britain were Canadians, first Lord Beaverbrook, then Lord Thomson. And, speaking of impeccable stereotypes, now, right now, Lord Thomson's son is threatening to shut down both the daily and Sunday Times on Nov. 30 unless the labor unions involved in the production of both newspapers guarantee to absolutely exclude any further official strikes. My God, My God, can you imagine what would happen here if Robin Phillips threatened to pull the Strand curtain down on the good sides the stagehands, carpenters and planners agreed to a wage freeze?

Finally, even Al Johnson should take heart. As he laments the preponderance of an American-made film, the truth is that the conventional, unexciting, mediocre production has become a primitive contender there. I speak of the mediocre *Batterer* television. It has to be a CBC production. It is, to begin with, derivative, a blatant rip-off of a previous success. Star Wars II also stars two Canadian actors, Lance Greene and John Colicos, with the audacity to impersonate people. Or humanoids, as they say. I also suspect that these very ACTRA members who kept Haggis South of the equator here had found employment there. They must be the dreamers. The Cytos are made of tin, have a very limited voice range, and the director, who is interchangeable Canada, there it goes.

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FILMS

Here comes the tribe

A WRONG

Directed by Robert Altman

Wedding is the most innovative and imaginative film made in America in the last 10 years, with the exception of the two Godfathers, everything else withers in comparison. What Altman attempted in Nashville he pulls off on this one: the number of characters has doubled from 54 to 46 and the time span tightened, classically, from a few days to under 24 hours. He presses further into the more rigorous reaches of character, supplying enough about the little stranger who have appeared for the most realistic ritual of North American

divorce, there's no awareness of what time or time it will take next, and few leave the theatre knowing quite what to make of it. Even Altman's champions have softly metamorphosed into his detractors he's left, then with a movie without a point, a safety valve. The exorcism and violence of Altman's gathering of the tribes—a sort of nation—is unsettling. Tulp Brecken, the mother of the bride (Carol Burnett), is flustered by the situation of a stranger (Pat McCormick), is throwing up, the mother of the groom (initially wretched Nina Van Pallandt) is shooting



Amy Stryker: a solid personhood

off, but also rigorous enough about them so that their lives extend beyond the movie's boundaries in space and time. He leaves them in the middle of their prefalls and crises, switches to new scenes, leaves you wondering. Nothing is explained in a wedding, at least not the way most art is rigorously chaired we lose control and we're meant to. Those 46 guests (and the resignation, force you to consider character in a new way. Though there's stylization—low comedy, surrealism, a carefully contrived narrative—the multiplicity of events and relationships is woven together by Altman's editing wizardry, the film being that you're thrown smack into the thick of things. It's a painful machine of personalities, a full-scale vision of modern times. The movie divides and confuses as



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BIG BROTHERS OF CANADA

soon, sally strap. In the room the bewitched ones are and go. Twisting of a bride's tresses. The groom (Dini Aron Jr.) has impregnated the bride's simple-minded sister Billy (Dini Aron).

The beauty—and the sadness—of these types give A Wedding Its Shock, surprise, grace. As overwhelmingly tawdry as they have been taught to be, they're still originals, awesome in their variety. You can't get a fix on them and it adds to the fascination, every scene is a revelation of human idiosyncrasy. The officious wedding coordinator, Miss Delinsley (Geraldine Chaplin), who scurries around muttering "correct," releases her repressions; the laconic exterior (Vivian Lindar) storms into scenes like a stormy court jester, an egotistical great aunt (Ruth Nelson) offers a gift—a painting of the bride made, save a veil, a security guard at the house under siege (John Cassidine) admits impotence to a screenwriter (John Crenshaw); Barrett and McCormack are little, bustling Shakespearean lovers in the woods, a renowned Boston and Tilman, and the Shakespearean Poet in Fanny, an onlooker, superimposing himself in front of the painting, naked from the waist, with a camera, suggest smile.

An equally queer scene shortly after the movie's visceral, violent climax is a line of guests, peacefully partitioned off from the madhouse music, putting pot on the twin laws, one singing Leonard Cohen's *Song of Solomon*. That juxtaposition has an ethical, emotional weight, as does Gorb's death when she rolls her eyes above and sighs "Thank you Lord"—as fine a moment as anything she did for D. W. Griffith.

You can't depend on stock responses to A Wedding; Altman gives you a chance to indulge in feelings you haven't had the luxury of experiencing before. Avoid all the bellowing and profanity, lurking under the love and laughter are other layers—love and fidelity, secrets and suspicion. A Wedding has the ruse-on rhythm of a dream, the plausibility of a nightmare. The performances are perfect. It's *The Rules of the Game* set and shot for *House and Garden*—a feature for fools. "When it's over it's real sad," and way ahead of its time. Lawrence O'Toole

huddled in the shadows of the control room in Warner Brothers' Sound Stage One in Burbank, California, listening to 76 members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic sitting through what had to be the take of a concerto called *Adieu, Mrs. Aron*, a score composed by Tom Ferra, based on a song by Nicholas. Now into overtime, roughly at \$1,000 an hour, they made the accompaniment—and Nicholas—forget he got up and changed his polo shirt, again. "I sweat a lot," he mentioned to no one in particular.

He was a long way from Macnish and his rock'n'roll dance-hall roots. *Adieu, Mrs. Aron* is both centerpiece and part of the score of *A Perfect Couple*, written by Nicholas and Altman, produced and directed by Altman. The budget was now over \$15 million, on its way to two.

For Nicholas, 55, this film marked his graduation from the solidifying ranks of the Altman flouting repertory company, he had gone from a small but telling part in *Nashville*, through an obscure part in *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, then composing incidental music for *Three Women*, on to collaborating on the script for *A Wedding*, and ending up last winter as an associate producer of *Quarter Eight* in four years.

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Getting high with Altman

It was not just another day in the life of Allan Nicholas, expatiate November. A clutch of Hollywood heavyweights, including Robert Altman, were

concrete settled around all stars in the control room, Nicholls sneaked an apprehensive look at Altman, and caught his breathing tears from the corner of his eye. They laughed it earned Roy, didn't it? Nicholls for a time did nothing else but grin—smile-to-smile, face-splitting grin. He was also sneaking an averting glance where Altman's belly flaps were bunched down the office corridor, on-stomach to him and Person. "You are one pair of talented bastards! You've really given me something to live up to with that name!"

If Alan Nicholls is so talented, how

come he's so unknown in his native land? "I'd used to bother me, and maybe it still does a little," says Nicholls. "But it's also something I wanted to do as an actor. I wanted to come off as an ordinary guy, a regular person, doing remarkable things." He's been extremely successful: his acting has gone unnoticed, except by the people who count.

"Alan is a very, very good actor. He does exactly what's asked of him, never trying to exceed the role or push himself in the foreground," says Altman. "But I think his future will be as a producer-director. When he's in charge, he

just sequesters from others. On *Quarter*, we kept giving him impossible things to do, and he kept coming through on them. He's very pragmatic, he gets right to the verb. If he has any flow, I'd say it's that he's too generous in his dealings with other people. He keeps giving time, money and energy away. But he's learning. He gets tough when he's alone."

Friends say Nicholls is his own worst enemy, non-committal about what he's doing, reluctant to trumpet his accomplishments. "That grows in me Canadian," he chuckles. He remains strong ties with Montreal. His family and closest friends are there, and he visits them regularly. But it's a love-hate relationship. "I hate it for what it can't give me. I have to go away to do what I want to do."

His contacts with Canadian filmmakers have been glowing. "They all want to know about Altman. What it's like to work with him, how he softlines, all that stuff. I'm just a curiosity." A couple of years ago his work on under-sold Canadian talent agency that despite credits in *Moby*, *Naked* and an upcoming part in *Brilliant* had all they were able to get him was a printout of *Barney*. "I always, some sale or something. And I had to be my hair back. That was the last time I tried to make a go of it in Canada." So he's fallen back on working in Hollywood, with Altman, Paul Newman, George Roy Hill, Geraldine Chaplin, Carol Burnett, Joel Grey, Slim Pickens, Mia Farrow, Lillian Gish, Bert Lancaster.

"Oh well. You take what you can get," says Nicholls. He was grinning again.

Wayne Gregory



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Show Business

'If you haven't seen me, you simply don't know'

Genette Reno, superstar, was always an intimate. Little known for the editors and star writers of Montreal's local entertainment pages. Settled only around a vast, honey-colored pine table, nestled among the faded Bakelite walls, and looking in the body slumped of exclusivity, the somewhat cluttered, gently asked Reno's biography and the relative merits of the Year of the Horse, Rose or Dragon.

But in quiet complexity, they were really celebrating the Year of Genette Reno. Quebec's favorite daughter had been welcomed back into the bosom of the family in a crash worthy of a Rolling Stones concert, robe of patrons had crisscrossed the sparsely lobby of Place des Arts on Sept. 10, the day tickets for Reno's show went on sale. The brave souls who went on being first in line showed up at 5:30 a.m. complete with camp stools, novels and knitting. By 6 a.m., the crowd had spilled out onto the terrace outside. At 9:30 a.m. nervous officials opened the ticket windows, a full 20 hours early. Within a half-hour, tickets in the first five rows for all 14 shows in the 1000-seat Salle Wilfrid Pelletier were gone. Early patrons further back in line suspected that good seats were being held back for her. Some wondered about lawsuits. A woman fainted. By closing time 10,000 tickets had been sold, a record. "The only time I can remember a scene like this," said box-office manager Gaston Morin, "was the first time Harry Belafonte or Tom Jones or Engelbert Humperdinck played here."

But that's hardly Genette Reno's first appearance at PIA. You can count on her showing up once every 18 months. And she's been doing one-woman shows in Montreal since 1968. "I can't explain it either," beamed Genette, talking into a third empty roll as she went the radio's air jax. "But it fits with something I've learned over the years. When you really want something, it happens. It won't. And when you're least expecting it, boom! there it is." She shrugs, spreads the butter thack on the roll, pops it in her mouth and turns to another question.

Once again she's defying gravity, breaking the rules, doing the atro-

period. She's overweight. Five-foot-five, she weighs in at about 300 pounds, and bears not the slightest physical resemblance to the prototypical female singer that rolls off the assembly lines in Las Vegas. Her laughter is a roar, not a chuckle. Punctuating a story, her best foot shows the face. Re-planning a segment in her upcoming show, she launches into full-throated song—clicks, whistles and thrums indicating the orchestra's parts. When she talks, her dark eyes have into yours, flashing and darting as she barrels through barriers. If you're a snail, the

gaze is blantly sensual, trying to get for you. She commands, negotiates, argues and intrigues, a vibrant cross of prodigal daughter, earth mother and acy-cy-pharmacist-teen-idol. A cylindrical tumbler in designer motif. When the Vegasists and the Bellies go for the hours and mounds of their audience, Reno goes for the gut.

Or as she puts it: "I tell my audience. I tell their souls, their bodies, everything I mean implicitly." It's a phrase that almost defies translation implanted, insinuated, enmeshed, a combination of all these. Every contradiction, all the ups and downs are charted faithfully by the show-biz tabloids, the TV talk shows, even the *Gaily* pages. A new lover, a new house, losing weight, gaining weight, an appearance on Johnny Carson, plans for a movie, the death of the family pet, it's all noted. The public is proud, shocked, thrilled, forgiving. "They know I'm honest," she explains. "They see me warts and all."



Brief Encounters

Death on the Nile: Family bias and female bias, but if this is a comic drama grandeur and actors with otherwise to scene-stealing. Campy, beautiful. Angela Lansbury a chestnut.

Days of Heaven: Heavy Lyndon in rage and with out her. A cinematic, poetic tale of transience set in the Texas panhandle of 1916. Linda Meier is curiously intelligent as a little girl. Hack Film and the photography is breathtaking.

Get Friends: Hoj played and flippant story of a struggling New York photographer (Melanie Lynskey) who tries to keep her sanity.

Black and Gold: Canadian and mostly good. Ideal for kids at wrestling and how "both and blood needs fresh and blood." (Osgood winner Henry Beckman given a strong performance as an old man).

Genette Reno in guest colortalker in book, malware, in full Reno—and a velvet

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Reno is also a master of the toughest of all balancing acts for a Québécois performer—attempting to conquer new worlds without turning one's back on the old. She attempted to launch an English-language recording career from England, guided by the people who considered her Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck. She took a prize at the Tokyo International Song Festival in '70 and a Juno for outstanding female performance in '73. She's spent the last couple of years fighting between Montreal and Los Angeles, studying with Lee Strasberg, sharing a stage with Don Rickles in Las Vegas, and goofing on *Merry-Orly, Denis!* and *The Tonight Show*.

The L.A. experience was important to her, especially the classes with Strasberg. "I no longer had to live up to being *Greatest Thing*. I was just the fat kid in the class. I learned to know myself, to trust myself. I've entered. I'll follow my intuition, not someone else's."

Insists for the moment have taken her back to Montreal for the next at Place des Arts (til Mon. 4). After that she branches out with a Canadian tour, to be followed by a world tour. But of the natives back home get curious, she's fully capable of coming home to knock 'em dead like she did back in '75. She found herself a part of the St. Jean Baptiste celebrations atop Mount Royal, during an exuberant high in well-meaning and various intoxicants, a crowd wondering where she'd been for the last little while and amazed at her look. Reno quietly launched into Jean-Pierre Proulx's *On ne pleure pas, on pleure pas*. Slowly, she built and built and built. The 100,000 on the mountain cheered and the millions watching at home edged a little closer to the TV screen. As she swung into the final chorus of this simple, almost brutal song of going farther, climbing higher, tears were running down Gilmour's face. She was wide open, exposed, singing from the lips up. As a siren, it was pure soap opera. As it happened, the moment was accidental. A standing ovation, pressed switchboards, pure rapture, and her position as Quebec's pre-eminent female star was reconfirmed. It wasn't a comeback, because she'd never really been away.

So three years later, with Italian summer peering through French doors, baba as rhym digesting nicely, no one would miss an eyebrow as Ginette Reno quietly explained, "I'm one of the five best female entertainers in the world. If you haven't seen me on stage, then you don't know. You simply don't know. You don't know what I'm capable of. I give them a show."

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Chippy Cullen, lamentable Lang, et al: front bench leftovers of another era

By Alan Fotheringham

Fear does not produce humility. Failure does not result in diluted arrogance. Threatened humbation somehow doesn't manufacture a softer, more likable stance. Proof is the incredible Liberal party of Canada, unless of its fate, backed by the hypocrites, accident-prone, crippled by mistakes, suffering from galling foot-in-mouthness, dominated by defectors with a third past and questionable future.

The chippy and shrewd Paul Cullen, minister of manpower, stands in his House of Commons place and gives the back of his seat to a question from James McGrath, the Newfoundland Tory. "I wondered when the Hon. Member would get into his usual hyperbole," it is as Cullen who ordered the regional Manpower office not to issue their unemployment breakdown since they often tended to wry with the official approved, lauded, King James version of the jobless figures issued by Cullen's office. We have space to make you re-form.

Ottawa Lang, whose skilled skills for diplomacy are now being travelled across three jurisdictions of mismanagement, stands in his appointed place like a smug grammar-school student — and sees archly to Toronto critic Eddie Woolgar. "I'm surprised you could get it so wrong." It is a statement worthy of a government safely ensconced in cotton batting for years ahead, with wary a wry behind it, with a content, bawling country fully in support of its beloved leader. What is so remarkable about this remarkable column of full of darts, underhand, no-bugers and never-will-be's is that the arrogance flows on, as water does. He doubts. They suffer from mental drift, the superiority that flows through the remains of C. D. Howe down through the age of Robert Winter and the intellect of P. E. Trudeau now rests in the shadow of the past of John and Jean Buchanan, Tony Abbott and John Buchanan.

The shock of just how weak the Tri-

den cabinet has become—the weakest front bench in 30 years—comes when you comprehend that the ineffectual Eugene Whelan now sits only four seats to the left of the prime minister, the unfortunate (and remaining) Jean Pierre Goy only three seats away, the effortlessly bland Robert Andrus only two seats away from the Throne. One is reminded only of the corporate deflection of a bad leader a strong man who isn't strong enough to surround himself with bright potential successors. The



ghosts of Tories past wait through the empty intellectual spaces in the Galt variety. Nothing in the memory is the Duncan Ross description of the heavyweight champ entering Madison Square Garden. "Had the conquering hero come/surrounded by a bunch of bums."

The shrewd Cullen, Lang put his Peter Principle, his government is better, still revealing in debates of ability, gets up on his hind legs to assume about a parchment paper issued by the Opposition. "I was regularly unemployed, in fact forced by it." One senses the slight suggestion that large dollops of voters in this land are barred by Mr Cullen's baronies. Behind the critics in back of the Liberal benches, peering out fitfully, is the pale face of John Manors, puffing on his supportive cigarette like a fortune teller, the doubtful minister destroyed by the pressures (and shapeliness) of this casual

cabinet. The crucial principle involved is the matter of ministers phoning judges—that probably slowed Andre Dusslet's career properly and tarnished the outgoing Paul Goy—was still as skilled over in the Liberal arrangement, that it did not imprint itself on Manors's forehead. He hangs on the fringe—is does Francis Fox, as does Dusslet in his own way—clamsy and sorry victims of Liberal superstitions, rather survivors in their belief of their eventual relegation.

Stern and sleek in the second row with the range of a Molotov process on the jockeys of sports, Louis Campagna, checkbook writing the press gallery alone, someone who will be in the race if there is a Liberal leadership convention but who may not be elected in his own wing in far-off, saggy Prince Rupert. There is no wit, no sparkle, no sense of fun in this loose gang of leftover survivors in the Liberal front ranks—especially since the luscious Jean Chrétien has been forced to bury his cheer in the gloom of the Scottish purchase else expected of Canadian 5-man ministers. And Jack Horner, like a restless water buffalo, broods in the reaches of centre field.

The prime minister is at his best, gently questioning the IQ of Joe Clark and mimicking his voice. "What's that you say?" he cooed, turning to catch the witless of Defense Minister Blaney Danson. "Couldn't get elected dogcatcher?" There is no detect the high ground of debate chosen by the party. Floating over all each day, like a white-knuckled mixture, is Senator Keith Davey, the ruminator, watching, assuming, trying to decide when to call the Race Eyes, John Turner himself, in from the bullpen. The two strongest influences upon Mr Trudeau's flip-flop decision techniques are Deputy and principal secretary Jim Gault, who flee to Toronto every weekend to escape the suffocating Ottawa atmosphere. To believe that Canada consists of Ontario is as bad enough, to believe that Canada can be discovered through Toronto-by-contrast is delightful insanity.

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